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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Powers—it would be less of a sarcasm to say the Weaknesses—have so far been so ineffectual in the whole Balkan business that one can only feel very nervous about the Constantinople crisis. If the Allies push right on and insist on entering Constantinople as conquerors there will not be a dangerous element lacking to the situation. It was obviously impossible for the Powers to act on Turkey's appeal for mediation. You cannot mediate on behalf of one, and the other politely, if even politely, decline. But it is a bit too much for M. Poincaré to ask the Powers to declare themselves "uninterested". France herself is much interested; Austria and Russia almost vitally. This country, too, though the world may have forgotten it, as us, is by no means unconcerned. Europe cannot afford to allow the Balkan States to go entirely on their own, though one can quite understand their saying now "Who's to prevent it?"

The war news this week has been mainly concerned with past events. Accounts of the battle of Lule Burgas which have reached us this week tell a lamentable tale of the plight of the Turkish Army. The Turkish soldier does not seem individually to have declined. What army could be successful when it is without food or ammunition? There are no medical appliances, and the wounded have to live or die as best they can. The latest accounts give the losses at Lule Burgas at 15,000 Bulgarians and 45,000 Turks. But all information as regards strength and casualties on either side is vague.

The exact whereabouts of the main Bulgarian Army is not known. But it seems fairly clear that a continuous series of engagements between the Bulgarian

advance guard and the Turkish rearguard has been taking place since the battle of Lule Burgas. In these engagements the Turks acquitted themselves well. Nevertheless, they are gradually falling back on the lines of Chatalja twenty-five miles from Constantinople itself. Are these lines as strongly fortified as we have been led to suppose? The previous exploits of the Turkish military authorities are not very reassuring, and it may be found that guns have been removed and that ammunition is scarce. Already there are rumours that positions are actually falling.

It is said that a large force of Servians have joined the Bulgarian main army since the fall of Uskub. But on this point there is no definite information, although some accounts give the figures at 80,000. Nor has any definite news been received as to the fate of Adrianople, although there is a rumour that it has surrendered unconditionally. A series of actions has been taking place between the Servians and the Turks in the Western theatre of war, with the usual result. The remnant of the Turkish Macedonian Army is believed to be concentrating on Monastir, about one hundred miles west of Salonika. The report that that city had been captured by the Greeks turns out to be premature, and is now officially denied from Athens. But the Crown Prince's army is certainly very close to Salonika. We do not know what has been the cause of the delay in the Greek advance. But their progress during the past week has been unaccountably slow. The Montenegrins are still investing Scutari, which has not yet fallen into their hands.

The United States are making a new start, or should be. They have broken with a régime of twelve years—it might be put a great deal longer—and have got a new man and new ideas. If they have not a clean slate, at least they have a clean man. Dr. Woodrow Wilson has an opportunity for good that seldom comes to a public man. He begins a new era with the "whole great nation", especially all that is best in it, at his back. He is no one's nominee. No great man has put him in in order to turn him out. So far as any public man can be his own master in a democracy, Dr. Wilson is. The "Westminster" thought it worth

while to record that he received the news of his election "with tears in his eyes". Be that as it may, and we hope the classical practice of crying in public is not coming into vogue again, one can well understand Dr. Wilson being filled with emotion at his prospect.

As to the others, one would say, politically, God rest their souls. They are dead. Mr. Taft, good, easy man, had the misfortune to be corrupted by an evil communication. He came up against that worst of all things, a false friend. It is unfortunately not out of the way of the world that the false friend should have suffered less than his victim. Mr. Roosevelt, too, is dead; but one has an uneasy feeling that his spirit may be hard to lay. The difficulty he has in being beaten is the best thing about him. But in all sobriety we can see no reason why America or our own country should wish Mr. Roosevelt ever to rise again. As unfortunately bound to read public men's speeches, be they ever so long, we hope at any rate to be delivered for a reasonable space from an orator whose most *recherché* phrase, in all we have read of his, is a commonplace and his most original thought a platitude.

The debate on the forty-two Irish at Westminster under Home Rule was good, but it scarcely had the brilliancy of past debates on the subject. We remember hearing Dr. Wallace make an amazingly clever speech on the popping-in-and-out arrangement. Dr. Wallace could sometimes be quite heavy and only moderately interesting, but never when he was well primed for the occasion—and he was well primed that evening. Yet there was good speaking on Wednesday. Mr. F. E. Smith was in excellent fettle. We want attack and more of it, and Mr. Smith has no finikin scruples. He hits hard and with plenty of heart. The purely critical and probing part of the business is no doubt an intellectual treat, but it will never get hold of the country. Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Smith, and Sir Edward Carson are doing great work.

There are one or two interesting personal notes on the Leader of the Opposition and his work on the Home Rule Bill in the Report of the National Unionist Association. Mr. Bonar Law is described as devoted to reality. That is good. He often startles his opponents with the sharp truth: it is what they call "diabolic". Truth is at times diabolic: as Milton well knew, it is uttered in Hades as well as in Heaven.

This "new style" of Mr. Bonar Law is, admittedly, quite different from the old set parliamentary way. The custom was—and we have not the faintest doubt the custom will be again—to put a button on the tip of truth lest it wound dangerously. Disraeli in a supreme passage likened the Liberal Front Bench to the marine landscapes of South America—a row of extinct volcanoes. Mr. Bonar Law might describe them as extinct without troubling to bring in the volcanoes. Mr. Bonar Law is nothing if not audacious. He loves speaking out. He has no more Pitt's art of appearing to say a great deal without saying anything than he has what Wilberforce called Pitt's "high indignant stare". It is a fresh and valuable experiment, and it has pulled the party splendidly together in the House of Commons.

There was something perhaps after all in that saying by Lord Rosebery that of the two supreme joys in life the real one was giving up the seals of office. At any rate giving up Leadership can lead to real joy. Who would not envy Mr. Balfour the delightful parliamentary rôle that now is his? What more pleasant than in the afternoon to stroll down from Carlton House Terrace to St. Stephen's, and take up the threads of the Home Rule Bill at one's ease; and, if there is any interesting amendment on, to get up and make always the most searching speech in the debate, and always to riddle the Bill through and through intellectually?

Mr. Balfour is perhaps in better form and fresher and younger than one can remember him for many years;

and his speeches—such as that powerful one of Wednesday evening on Irish representation at Westminster—are fine in thought and reasoning. It is very difficult and it is invidious to put men in classes as schoolboys are put. But we cannot help thinking that Mr. Balfour belongs to a class which the Prime Minister, with all his excellent gifts, is not in—that mysterious, exclusive first class in which the historian of party politics will put only a few men in each century. Mr. Asquith is a master Parliament-man certainly, but he has scarcely the great and rare style.

Mr. Agar Robartes, the Liberal M.P., in a capital speech called the Irish members at Westminster under Home Rule "Forty-two vultures gnawing at the vitals of the British taxpayer". It is rare to find anyone, Liberal least of all, with any compassion for the poor thrashed mule that is sinking under its burden to-day. But perhaps there are still more suggestive images in nature than Mr. Robartes' by which to describe the action of the forty-two on the British taxpayer. For example, there is a kind of wasp described by M. Fabre which stings its victim so as just to paralyse but not to kill it outright. Thereafter the victim is gradually consumed, vitals and all, as nourishing live foodstuff. That seems Home-Rule Ireland's idea of how to prey on the English Treasury under this Bill.

How different the Irish taxpayer from the English! The Irish taxpayer is not an ass like the English taxpayer. He is a horse with blood, and he can canter and kick and bolt. Under Home Rule, as Thursday's debate shows, England is to be the poor groom to bridle and saddle the steed. What a job for England when this Irish horse is out of the stable and the groom has to chase it—or be chased by it—round the big paddock before the saddle is on the brute's back and the bit in its mouth. Cattle-driving in Ireland will be a fool indeed to this game.

The Sneaks' Committee has been slightly more to the fore again this week—though its proceedings, as Mr. Ure advises, must be "private" and "quiet". It has won new, if cautious, apologetics from Mr. C. D. Acland, a member of the Government; and it has a place in the annual report of the National Liberal Federation. The Sneaks' Committee does not get quite a prize from the judges of the Federation Show; it is a kind of "Reserve", or "Very Highly Commended" exhibit. It is clear enough that after the slashing attacks by Sir A. B. Markham and Mr. Raphael, Liberal M.P.s, on the "skunks" or "jackals" of that Inquiry, the decent wing of the Government party, the departmental wing, is a little shy of the business. As a result, the references to it are made with much care. Enthusiasm is veiled with a studied ambiguity of words.

The language used is the pet language of the decorous impostor. It is full of periphrase. What, for example, can be more loathly than such a periphrase as "Questions which are at the foundation of the welfare of our agricultural population"? Add a "Sir" to the end of that sentence, and you have a little crystal of Pecksniff in politics.

The words "community", "welfare", "amelioration", "ameliorative" etc. are fast becoming vicious words. The people who talk about "touching life", "touching the life of the People, Sir", use them largely. Carlyle might have called them "swindler-words", and perhaps "community" is becoming worst rogue of all. It is pretty well known now that when an orator uses these words and works them into long windy sentences, either he is not saying what he thinks—he is thinking or judging underneath, he is hypocritical—or he is not thinking at all. A man should be shy indeed of using the word "community"; whilst, as for "ameliorative", no one ever could think of using it who cared a straw for his English.

Mr. Asquith, moving the procedure resolution for Welsh Disestablishment yesterday, again made light of

the closure. Clauses must necessarily pass undiscussed; they had always done so; he did not think that "less parliamentary discussion was given under the new system than under the old". The new way, in fact, was better than the old, for discussion was now "regulated". Mr. Asquith, it seems, would have us believe that never was discussion fuller and more reasonable than it is to-day. Perhaps the best comment on Mr. Asquith's latest view of modern parliamentary procedure was made by Mr. Ormsby-Gore later in the evening. He noticed that directly a private member got up to address the House the Prime Minister left it.

Witnesses in the Marconi inquiry have this week been persistently examined as to the curious history of the technical sub-committee; but their story continues to bewilder the examiners. It now appears that the technical sub-committee actually appealed for wider powers in their report. Evidently they had no idea they were merely appointed to pacify the experts, or that their report would have no influence with the Government. Sir Alexander King has made important admissions. He now thinks it would have been wise to send the report of the technical sub-committee to the main body. He pleads that the omission was not with evil intent; but an "error of judgment". Mr. Samuel's view that the report was unnecessary, since the Poulsen system could not comply with the necessary requirements of the Post Office, is not really pertinent. We want to know why the technical sub-committee was appointed, if the conclusion was foregone.

Meantime we note that the examiners are not shirking the duties of their position. It is not agreeable to ask public men if their motives were entirely disinterested; but false delicacy would be out of place in a matter where it is essential that the honour of our administration should be cleared. Here is a short passage from Sir Albert Spicer's examination of Mr. Preece on Monday: "The Chairman: Have you or any members of your family at any time had any financial interests directly or indirectly in the Marconi Company, or in any company or syndicate either in this country or elsewhere connected in any way with Marconi's?—Certainly not; at any rate not so far as I am aware. *I have three or four brothers and I cannot answer for everything they do*". Am I my brother's keeper? The echo is unfortunate; but really it cannot be missed.

The Select Committee on the Putumayo Atrocities began to take evidence on Wednesday. It is inquiring whether any responsibility rests on the Peruvian Amazon Company; and whether any changes in the law are necessary, where a British company operates abroad, to meet similar cases in future. The general truth of the allegations is taken for granted. The company was formed in England in 1907, and the Peruvian Minister of Justice in that year presented to the Peruvian Congress a report of atrocities in 1903.

The British Minister at Lima however made no report, and in 1905 our Foreign Office still knew nothing about the atrocities; though British subjects from Barbados were indentured in the district. After the company became British in 1907 it was still two years before the "Truth" articles led Sir Edward Grey to make inquiries. What the company itself did then must be left for the Committee's further investigation; and it is represented by counsel. But it is quite proper to say that the Foreign Office on its own showing was asleep. As to whether the Peruvian Government has now secured an improvement which the company certainly failed to secure, all the Foreign Office ventures on is that it hopes so, and believes the new Peruvian Government is animated by very sincere intentions. Last week in the application for the removal of the receiver Arana counsel for shareholders spoke of determining to put an end to the atrocities, as if they still continued.

The Government's choice of Messrs. Samuel Montagu for the contract to purchase Indian silver was

even more indiscreet than at first appeared. If the law officers find that the Act of George III. applies to Sir Stuart Samuel, member of the firm and member for Tower Hamlets, he has become liable to a fine of £46,500; and the Government has become liable to a by-election.

Mr. E. A. Gowers, just appointed Chief of the Department of Inspectors at the National Insurance Commission, is another of the long list of fortunate private secretaries of Liberal Ministers. His service qualifications, so far as we can discover, are one year as junior clerk in the Inland Revenue, and three years as junior clerk in the India Office. His further merits are an intimate knowledge of the temperaments of the five Liberal Ministers—Mr. Hobhouse in 1907, three successive under-secretaries at the India Office between 1908 and 1909, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1911—whom he has had the good fortune to serve as private secretary during the last five years. These five years' personal acquaintance with Liberal Ministers has counted for the twenty or thirty years of responsible administrative work which Mr. Gowers would have required, had he qualified himself for his present position in the usual way.

Mrs. Pankhurst—now supreme and unbridled at the W.S.P.U.—formally announced on Monday that the new and original militant campaign would begin immediately upon the loss of the woman's franchise amendment to the Home Rule Bill. This, we take it, is the programme that so frightened Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence. So far nothing new or original has been done. Some more windows have been broken; and Mr. McKenna was shouted down at the Holborn Hall on Monday. But these are the commonplaces of the movement.

Lord Haldane has soon been called on to appoint more King's Counsel. Several are accounted for by Mr. Bailhache being appointed to the Bench from the Commercial Court. Two at least of the leaders in that Court are in demand in a wider circle, and there is room for the K.C.s who have to make their reputation as leaders. Mr. Walter Clode is a son of Mr. Charles M. Clode, who was Solicitor to the War Office from 1858 to 1876, and fifty years ago wrote "The Military Forces of the Crown" and "Military and Martial Law", books which are known at least by repute to most military men. Mr. Clode K.C. is the author of a book on "Petition of Right", which has been familiar to lawyers for a quarter of a century.

An appeal to the Court of Appeal from the conviction in the "Automatism" case might not alter anything, but the question ought to be further considered. Lunacy experts swore that an engineer named Chetwynd, charged at Derby Assizes before Mr. Justice Scrutton with stealing a motor-car, was in such a mental state that he remembered nothing of the offence. Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde is the best known popular instance; but the kind of abnormality is medically recognised. The doctor witness would not describe Chetwynd as insane. In double personality, he admitted also, what is a crucial point, that the "abnormal" personality might know what it was doing at the time, though there was no recollection on recovery. If the offender's mind cannot be influenced at the time it would be useless to punish. The defence, the Judge hinted, was a "rich man's" defence, and he appeared sceptical altogether, but if it ought to be a defence the rich and the poor alike should have the benefit of it; and paid doctors appear for poor men who cannot afford expert witnesses.

In the Picture Sale Commission Case the evidence and the judgment of the Lord Chief Justice remind one of the aphorism about horse-dealing. The horse is a noble animal, instead of which he demoralises the dealers. Sir George Donaldson had a noble gallery of pictures, but his method of dealing in them disclosed a lack of delicacy in expression and manœuvre which his

aesthetic culture might have been expected to save him from. Sir George has sold pictures to the National Gallery; and we fear that in future purchases by the Gallery through dealers will be looked on with suspicion.

Lord Moulton's discourse of law and manners on Monday was Mill's old problem in disguise of self-regarding actions. Law set down the things which people must not do: other things were by general consent left to the private conscience (as Mill would say, they were self-regarding). But between these two domains of absolute law and absolute choice Lord Moulton puts the region of manners, where conduct is ruled by the unwritten decrees of the taste and temperament of society. This intermediate land Lord Moulton said he had no wish to annex for law positive. "He would rather see it well policed by the people who inhabited it."

The prohibition of "A Venetian Night" is something new in censorship. The Lord Chamberlain's department has dared to forbid what would probably have been a popular feature of a popular theatre—to oppose a big financial interest. Thousands of pounds have been spent in the preparation of "A Venetian Night". The position is, in every way, without precedent. Mr. Butt has himself called down the thunder. He was under no strict necessity to submit this pantomime to the Censor. He should have left it for the Lord Chamberlain to assert of his own motion that "A Venetian Night" was a stage-play, and to threaten definite penalties if it were presented. By inviting the Lord Chamberlain's decision—a bid for cheap insurance of his venture from County Council interference—Mr. Butt has put himself needlessly in the wrong.

Dr. Heberden has forbidden the performance in Oxford of Mr. Houghton's comedy, "Hindle Wakes". The best comment upon the merits of his action is the fact that the staple dramatic fare at the Oxford Theatre is successful musical comedy from London. Censorship has this week broken down on the business side in two ways. First, censorship before production is supposed to save managers the expense of staging an improper play which would be prohibited *ex post facto* on visitation. "A Venetian Night" shows that this safeguard is illusory. Second, censorship before production is supposed to save the managers from interruption of their provincial tours. But Dr. Heberden has shown that the Lord Chamberlain's insurance is not absolute. He has decided that a play licensed by the Lord Chamberlain is unsuitable for the public he represents; and any other local authority, though their means of action is different from Dr. Heberden's, may do the same.

The Layard Collection adds to the National Gallery the two Gentile Bellinis, his "Mohammed II." and "Adoration of the Magi". Having no Carpaccio in the Gallery, the Trustees lost the chance a year or so ago of winning the "Passion" piece, now safe in the New York Museum. The Layard Collection in some way compensates this blunder with three small fine examples. With Lady Layard's death we become officially possessed of two new Mantegnas, one yet in Venice, the other given to the Gallery a few years ago under Giovanni Bellini's name, which as a matter of courtesy has been provisionally retained.

Bramantino, whose Layard "Adoration of the Magi" has been compared with Berlioz' "Enfance du Christ", is another new name for the Catalogue, a rare painter whom even Berlin has not. Jacopo de' Barbari, that curious blend of North and South, and F. Caroto, "the ablest Veronese of his generation", have hitherto also been unrepresented. Savoldo, whom we have only in a sort of modern costume piece, will now be seen in an example akin to the Berlin "Pietà". Sebastian del Piombo, whose tiresome academic "Lazarus" fills a too-important place in the Venetian Room, will be represented in his earliest phase—à la Cima instead of à la pseudo-Michelangelo.

M. POINCARÉ'S GAUCHERIE.

NOW that the result of the war is practically decided, the public and the Press are acting in exactly the way that we predicted a fortnight ago, when they were sitting on the fence, that they would do. They have come down heavily on the winning side. There is nothing to be surprised at in this, but there is certainly nothing to commend. Further, we need pay little enough attention to views of the ultimate settlement formed in the fashion that British journals and their readers have formed theirs. So far as any coherent opinion has been expressed, it would seem to be that the brave Balkan peoples must not be deprived of the "fruits of their victory". This is a very safe sentiment to utter on this side of the Channel, where we could hardly put an army in the field capable of coping with victorious Serbia, and so far as we are concerned the Allies may go as far as they are able. Even if we could prevent them, our interests are hardly brought into play so directly as to make it worth our while to run the risks of interference by force. But quite another aspect of the case is presented when we have to consider the position of individual Powers or of Europe as a whole.

It is true that the course of the war has run differently from the common expectation, but it is only right to point out that the Intelligence Department of our War Office never had any belief in the overwhelming numbers ready to take the field with which military opinion in general was willing to credit the Turks. But, with few exceptions, the whole world, experts included, has been astounded by the lack of preparation and capacity for organisation shown by the Turkish authorities. The Turks always have been the most stupid, obstinate, and at the same time arrogant of peoples, and the Young Turks have been more so than the old. When all the élite of a nation are permeated by contempt for the infidel, no amount of training on German or any other models will have a permanent effect. It is clear from the excellent reports which have come through from the correspondent of the "Daily Chronicle" that the common soldiers were as good material as ever, patient, brave and enduring as any men that ever fought. The officers, however, were insufficient in numbers, and as a rule grossly inefficient. Of organisation there was none at all. There was no attempt to renew the stores of ammunition, and, even if there had been, it seems more than doubtful if they could have been dragged along roads which had never even been metalled. Anyone who has made an excursion into the country in the neighbourhood of Constantinople knows what a Turkish road can be at its best. But worst of all the Turkish armies have not been fed. A Turkish soldier is about the easiest of all fighting men to satisfy with food, a piece of dry bread will suffice him; but the Turkish forces have not even received this. Is it surprising therefore that they have retreated in panic? It is quite clear, from the stories of eye-witnesses, that, before being exhausted by starvation, they fought as bravely as ever. We wish in no way to detract from any credit due to the Bulgarians, whose heroism is undoubted and has been seconded by fine organisation. But we very gravely question if their Allies deserve a tithe as much credit for their exploits. The Turkish forces they had to meet must have been not only greatly inferior in numbers but in every other respect to those who sought to bar the way to Constantinople. We cannot see therefore that they have any absolute right to retain all they win without considering in any way the claims of the Great Powers. Even the Bulgarians may be delayed for a time before the lines of Chataldja, though that now seems doubtful. In the interests of peace it may be hoped they will. But supposing the worst is awaiting Turkey, and her army remains a mere panic-stricken and starving mob unable to rally, then indeed the Eastern question will present itself for solution in its most perilous guise. We confess that we have no patent for its solution. There is nothing so easy as the readjusting of maps and the satisfying

of territorial ambitions on paper, "le papier souffre tout". But as it is impossible hour by hour to predict what will happen in this most astonishing of all wars, it is as foolish as it is facile to dictate terms to people who will not listen.

It is a pity the French Prime Minister made the unfortunate suggestion he did. His formula of "disinterestedness" is at once fictitious and absurd. It has marred a good beginning. By putting it forward he has gone far to spoil his reputation as a diplomat, which seemed to be rapidly ripening. Such a suggestion, by reason of its absurdity, naturally aroused all the suspicions of Austria. How can any one of the Great Powers affirm solemnly to the world that it is "disinterested" in this great question? We could not be if we would, much less could Austria or Russia be "disinterested" in what is going to happen to the remnant of Turkish dominion in Europe. One thing is quite certain, that the Balkan States are not to be allowed to deal with it or divide it up in any way they may think fit without taking into account the views or desires of any other States.

A week ago we could have asserted that no attempt would be made on their part to do anything so foolish. We feel no such confidence to-day. Probably the astute Ferdinand communicated his views as to the future not only to his Allies but also to Austria and Russia, and they may have raised no objections to his then suggestions. But is the position of Bulgaria the same to-day as it was before the war, or that of the other Allies or that of Europe? Now it is not an impossibility that he may find himself able to ride into Constantinople a conqueror. Even the most careful and moderate of men may be rash and headstrong under the temptation offered by a strange and astonishing onrush of good fortune. It is not therefore impossible that we may see Tsar Ferdinand proclaiming himself Emperor of the East or adopting some portentous title which may offend the susceptibilities of surrounding States to the point of exasperation, and Serbia and Greece seizing territory vital to a Great Power. We admit that the Great Powers have no one to blame but themselves for the hideous complication which Europe now finds herself involved in. Again and again they have solemnly and collectively promised to supervise the Government of Turkey, and have failed to do it from mutual jealousies. They are now confronted by the Eastern spectre in its most menacing form, and new claimants have arisen for the Turkish inheritance who will flaunt the formula "beati possidentes" before the eyes of Europe as the legitimate and logical successor of the defunct "Status Quo". This at least has gone by the board for ever. But none the less in the end the interests of Europe must prevail. This, however, can only be if the Powers show mutual forbearance and do not hurl ambiguous proposals at one another. The speech of the Austrian Kaiser, though pacific, was admonitory, for it referred with marked emphasis to the Triple Alliance first exactly what line they should take before acting with the Triple Entente. This is the result of the gaucherie of M. Poincaré. He had almost got the birds into the net when an incautious sound sent them scudding away. We do not assume that they will not return, but they must all come together and on equal terms. The only point is to agree on those terms on a common line, and furthermore as to the exact amount of pressure necessary to make the exultant and victorious Allies acquiesce in it. The gathering together of large international forces with a view to putting pressure on any State is a very hazardous experiment. It was certainly found so in China. This was only a faint shadow of what it would prove to be if a similar policy had to be carried out in the neighbourhood of Constantinople against the Bulgarians and their Allies flushed with success.

Nothing less like what the European looker-on anticipated is the outcome of this war. There was to be a "little blood-letting", in any case with a resistance of the Turks growing stronger every day, and offering a hundred chances of successful intervention in common.

Compare the expected with what is actually happening! And where is the European formula to dose the earthquake? Unhappily M. Poincaré has not found it. We shall not avert the storm by swearing to Heaven that we are disinterested.

A NEW START IN AMERICA.

FOR the first time since Grant a man of high repute outside politics has been elected President of the United States. But Dr. Wilson owes his election not to his personal qualities but to a party vote. It is possible that the Democrats would have failed with an ordinary machine-made candidate; but it is certain that Dr. Wilson would have failed had he copied Mr. Roosevelt and made a machine of his own. The great thing about this election is that the Democrats are back after sixteen years, back because the electors wanted them. The tide had begun to turn at the last Congressional elections, and Mr. Roosevelt, who, as everybody knew, would have been delighted to work the Republican machine if it had been at his disposal, has utterly failed to stem it. The Democrats have thus got a free hand. There is no suggestion that they are in because of a split vote. They are in because the electorate have had enough of Republicanism, old school or new.

Much is expected of any party returning to power after a long interval. In America opinion is just now particularly ripe for change. The test question will arise at once. It is known that Britain is preparing a protest against the Panama Canal Bill, and it is understood that the election campaign has been responsible for the delay. We may take it that nothing very material will be done while Mr. Taft remains a presidential figure-head, but as soon as Dr. Wilson is installed matters will develop. That will be the new President's chance to show what he is made of. His success as Governor of New Jersey is due to the belief that he stands for honesty in politics. Will he carry his standard of honour to the White House? The issue is as simple as it can be. The treaty declares the Canal open to the ships of all nations on terms of entire equality. The Republican administration interprets this as meaning that the Canal is open to the ships of all foreign nations on terms of equal disadvantage. Will the Governor of New Jersey accept this casuistry? By rejecting it he will show the American people that he is ready to give them the clean politics which they desire. He will have the Irish jingoes against him, of course; but the language used by the best newspapers about the Taft Bill shows that he will have all that is best in American politics behind him.

To British critics the Panama question stands by itself. It is the one aspect of America's foreign relations which intimately concerns Britain. But to the American the Panama episode is only a phase of a general movement. With the election of Mr. McKinley expansionist tendencies asserted themselves. Mr. McKinley had his war with Spain; Mr. Roosevelt had his revolution in Colombia; both movements carried the American flag well beyond the old frontier. But American expansion has always been largely a party affair. The Democrats never quite approved of the war with Spain; they openly disapproved of the creation of Panama; and Mr. Taft's attempt to draw Canada from her allegiance to the British Empire, though it would have been received with delight forty years ago, left average American opinion cold. It is possible then that the new President will give a fresh turn to American policy. The Monroe doctrine, with its important corollary that the United States will not meddle in trans-oceanic affairs, does not lack adherents. After all, the States are very large, and their domestic problems are urgent enough. Dr. Wilson will find plenty of men in his party who would have his administration concern itself with home affairs, and his own campaign speeches have left international issues well alone. It is, of course, impossible for him to blot the

events of the last few years and to cancel American influence in the Central Republics. But it does not follow that he will maintain the present forward policy in the Far East. Japan and China are a whole ocean away; why bother about them? There are the Philippines, it is true, and American pride would probably forbid their immediate abandonment. But any American statesman can get round an awkward situation. Independence is a useful word, and if Japanese immigration follows hard upon Philippine independence Dr. Wilson may be ready enough to make a bargain which will put an end to rumours of Japanese hostility.

As we have said, it is home politics that matter most. Mr. Roosevelt taught the public to understand that the phrase in the Constitution empowering Congress to regulate commerce makes many things possible. But he failed to carry the matter any further. The Oil Trust, indeed, has been dissolved by the Supreme Court, but he must be a credulous man who believes that the decision has involved anything but a verbal change. The whole industrial question still awaits settlement, still awaits a policy tending towards a settlement. Social reform is bound to figure in the new President's first message, and many will look with some eagerness to see whether Dr. Wilson has been able to give the words meaning.

In America social reform at once suggests the tariff. There has been some argument in England whether Dr. Wilson is a free trader. We do not know what general doctrine he would lay down if he were lecturing from a Chair in Economics, nor does the point much matter. As a Constitutional historian, Dr. Wilson knows that the phrase tariff for revenue means nothing in America. It can only have a meaning when a Minister presents a Budget, a national balance-sheet with items of expenditure on the one side and estimates of revenue on the other. There is no Budget in the United States. One committee of the House spends money, another passes taxing Bills; and it is just this absence of any balance between revenue and expenditure which is the most amazing feature of American institutions.

But as a practical politician Dr. Wilson is bound to advise a revision of the tariff. Congress is equally bound to attempt the work. It is all a part of the demand for clean politics. What is the modern American tariff? To average American opinion it is in no sense a national creation. It is an instrument controlled by interests. In the United States, exactly as in Britain, Tariff Reform means a national tariff. The schedules are to be revised one by one in the interests of American industry generally, and the present log-rolling system is to be brought to an end. That is the idea; it would be the rankest folly to imagine that British manufacturers will gain by its application. If the Democrats get their way the new tariff will be built on national lines with the double object of making reasonable the cost of living at home and of stimulating American enterprise abroad. That is what American Tariff Reform implies, and the British manufacturer cannot possibly stand to gain by it.

As soon as he touches the tariff, Dr. Wilson will be resisted from the lobbies. He will not give way. If words mean anything, if he holds to his election pledges, he will use all his energies in urging Congress to legislate, and will trust to public opinion for support. But there is another institution more corrupt than the Tariff which the new President will be bound to assail if he is true to his reputation. We refer, of course, to the Spoils System. The Spoils System does not find its support in the lobby. Its strength is on the floor of the House, and still more on the floor of the Senate. Every honest man in America condemns it—and recognises its permanence. Without it the machines would tumble to pieces; but without the machines neither President nor Senators nor Congressmen would have got elected; and so the vicious circle is kept going. If Dr. Wilson behaves as is expected of an orthodox President he will spend the best part of his first year of office in turning Republicans out of post-offices and putting Democrats in their places. As

a result, the Congressional elections of 1914 will show that Democratic enthusiasm is beginning to ebb. The better-class public will recognise that both parties are equally black and life will go out of the administration.

The Spoils System is no easy thing to destroy. As far as appointments are concerned, it rests entirely on usage, and usages are harder to change than laws. Suppose that Dr. Wilson shows himself a strong man, and when March comes round simply does nothing. At once the Senate will be against him, for Senators control appointments in their own States and have assuredly pledged themselves. A hostile Senate means a veto on foreign policy, and with the Panama question awaiting settlement any President may hesitate. The destruction of the pensions part of the Spoils System will prove an even harder matter. Pensions can be tacked on to Appropriation Bills, and until a desirable amendment to the Constitution has been got through a President cannot veto particular clauses of a Bill. Clearly the way of a reforming President is hard. It will become altogether hopeless if his thoughts turn to re-election. Should Dr. Wilson undertake this great work he must put 1916 out of his mind. There will be loud outcry. Every placeman in both parties will be against him. His own party will probably split, and the sections of the Republican party will certainly coalesce, and he will be defeated should he stand again. But if he be a strong man, he will not care for that. Once done, his work will endure, and ten years hence Dr. Wilson may himself receive the nation's gratitude.

"PLAGUE ON BOTH."

THE compensation for being dull is that you will be thought serious. Amongst a not very acute people this will stand a dull man in such good stead that he will probably succeed better than a man more brilliant and probably equally serious. But the House of Commons seems in danger of suffering from the last calamity, to be dull and not thought serious. To combine levity with dulness is about the most disastrous blend possible to human nature. You neither amuse nor impress nor impose on people. Most people, English people at any rate, will consent to be bored by a man they believe to be in earnest, but to be bored by one who is trifling with you is too much even for the Englishman. And this, we believe, is very much the feeling of the average Englishman towards the House of Commons, or at least it is beginning to be his feeling. Dull he has obviously long thought it; the papers prove that by the small space they give to what the House says. So dull do the halfpenny journalists think the debates that they imagine their own comments more likely to interest the public. For ourselves, we believe, privately, that much of the ill-favour in which the newspaper reader holds the speeches in the House is due to his not being allowed nowadays to read what is said there, but instead what the journalist-reporter says is said. Still so far as the House and its favour with the public goes, it is just as bad as if the public were bored with the actual speeches. The public takes its Parliament from the popular papers—how else can it take it?—and votes the House dull—deadly dull. Still it will read and possibly respect it, so long as it believes it to be in earnest. It hardly requires it to mean business—it has given up expecting business from the House—but it does expect the debates and the debaters to be serious. And the public is beginning to doubt whether they are serious. Certainly such debates as that on the proposal to extend the franchise for the Irish—Home Rule—Parliament to women will not confirm popular faith in the seriousness of politicians. What is the plain man to make of Mr. Balfour demonstrating, or at least appearing to demonstrate, that Home Rule is all gas and water, when the Unionist position has always been that a Home Rule Parliament cannot help being or rapidly becoming sovereign? Of course, Mr. Balfour would laugh and say he must not be taken too seriously: he was then not the opponent of Home Rule, but the advocate of women's suffrage. All within the charmed circle will understand, of course,

and not be amazed at all. But those who are not are amazed. That they are not to take Mr. Balfour seriously is precisely what they cannot understand. What they had supposed to be important—affairs of State, their affairs, in fact—they find to be all a game, and a game which they cannot follow. There is nothing more uninteresting than watching a game you do not understand. Then why watch? Well, if the players are gambling with your money, it is natural you should feel a certain interest in the proceedings. You do not turn away in disgust for some time. But the public is beginning to turn away, not only from the game as played in the House of Commons, but from the whole political game. The country has largely given up Parliament as hopeless, and is beginning to doubt the whole representative and party system. We are very much struck by the number of people of all classes whom we find saying they are sick of politics, sick of all parties, of which one is almost as bad as another—the less bad being that to which he traditionally belongs. This, no doubt, immemorially has been a recognised type in the body politic. There was always the man who thought both parties bad, who disbelieved in his own party, and confided to his friends that it was probably the worse of the two. But this was a “character”, a time-honoured eccentric who had to live up to a pose. He amused us and we did not take him seriously. But the crier of “plague on both your houses” now is a different person altogether. Quite apart from the malcontents, the unsuccessful political aspirants, and the eccentrics, who are always impressed with the rottenness of things, there are now, we are convinced, a very large number, quite a considerable proportion of the whole, who are quite put off Parliament and politics and seriously believe they are good for almost nothing. “I have lost all interest in such things” is now a very common sentiment.

Why? Many will be ready with an answer. We could ourselves say a good deal as to the decay and breakdown of the representative system, which we believe to be a fact. Others will enlarge on the shortcomings, the feebleness, the want of principle in the direction and conduct of one party or the other. Yet others will point to degeneracy of the personnel of politics. The difficulty we have in accepting any of these diagnoses is that most of those who are thus disinterested in politics and say so have hardly been close enough observers, not to suggest thinkers, of our political life to have marked any of these tendencies and made their inferences thence. When one experienced in politics or a political student proclaims distrustful aloofness from the whole thing, one can generally discover why with some precision. But this vague though serious discontent in the average man is much harder, to our mind, to explain. Anyway it is not our business in this article to explain it. We wish only to note the fact. The debate we referred to on woman suffrage gave one to think of it, and seemed to throw some light on this public mood. It is a mood we regret, justifiable or not. We still have representative machinery, we still have the party system, and this cannot work if the public is going to stand outside. It will vote when the time comes—the machines dragoon it into that—but if people are going to interest themselves in politics only when they are made to vote, the voting cannot be very intelligent. Of course, if you insist on giving the vote to millions of indifferents and millions of incompetents you cannot expect and will not get much intelligence in voting. But unfortunately it is rather amongst the more competent and eligible of citizens that we have found this weariness of politics. Not a few could weary of politics with great advantage to their country; but it is the wrong people who are wearying.

THE CRITICISM OF INDIAN FINANCE.

THE complications of Indian finance in its external relations arise primarily from its artificial currency system and the consequent adjustments necessary to enable the Government to maintain its stability in exchange and to arrange the large remittances required

to meet Home charges. For these purposes the Indian Secretary holds large balances in London. The amount and treatment of these are at present criticised. They come under three different heads. The one of most permanent importance, known as the Gold Standard Reserve, is formed from the profits of the rupee token coinage. It is almost entirely held in England, and amounts to about eighteen million pounds—seventeen being invested in gold securities and one million in gold. Its object is to provide the India Office with funds to meet Home charges without having to draw on India when the conditions of trade would invest such demands with serious danger to the trade of India and its whole currency system. Such a contingency actually arose in 1907-08, when exchange fell to danger point and the reserve was depleted, it is stated, to the extent of seventeen million pounds before normal conditions were restored. This reserve is an essential part of the currency system, and must be treated exclusively from that point of view.

The general charge is that these balances are manipulated to favour certain British interests, and not for the advantage of India. The complaints against the management of this Gold Standard Reserve are somewhat contradictory. It is urged on one hand by Indian commercial critics that it should be kept in India and there employed in developing the resources of the country, and that, if it were lent out to banks, it would command a high rate of interest. Obviously it would in such case cease to be a reserve at all, and would be neither available for the purpose nor at the time required, nor in the only place where it could be of any use. Others again demand that it shall be held in England but solely in gold, as only then it will be ready for use when wanted and free from the depreciation of investments and loss on forced realisations. This is a fair matter of comment. The answer is that there will be always sufficient warning, and if an adequate margin is kept in gold there will be time to realise securities without loss. As for depreciation, the ascertained loss on 17.3 million pounds has been well under a million, chiefly from an unfortunate purchase of British Consols, while nearly three millions were realised in dividends, leaving a net profit of over two millions.

London bankers, not perhaps quite without reason, fear that in the absence of Indian gold the very inadequate reserve in the Bank of England is seriously menaced. Indian writers again declare that gold balances are piled up here at the expense of the Indian taxpayer to relieve the great joint-stock banks of their duty to maintain adequate stocks of coin. The charge is not supported by the composition of the aggregate balances, which out of some forty-five million pounds only included at most eight in gold. In this conflict of opinion there is room for defence. The best vindication perhaps of the present arrangement is its proved success.

The next great balance is that standing in the current account of the Indian Secretary. It naturally varies from day to day and year to year. Latterly it has been unusually high. It was over eighteen million pounds last March. It has been acquired partly by floating loans, and partly by large sales of Council bills. A great deal of it is lent out at 2 per cent. or $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. at short call to approved borrowers on security or placed in Bank deposits. The charge here is that this has been done by the interested advice of London bankers said to control the India Office finance. The “City” finds it convenient to be cheaply financed by the poor Indian ryot. Before accepting such grave charges against the intelligence and rectitude of these authorities—men of high standing and character—it would be well to ascertain whether there are not more credible and creditable reasons than those assigned for what is certainly an unusual position. It is a significant circumstance that the balance of eighteen million pounds in March had fallen by nine million pounds in October. So far it represented necessary provision for known obligations about to mature—the discharge of temporary loans and the purchase of silver. Other short loans have still to mature next month. It is not possible here to pursue this line of inquiry. But

it may be observed that the suspension of the borrowing power of the Government on acceptable terms must compel it to seek some other source of revenue. One way of meeting urgent requirements would be the sale of Council bills against the accrued and even the assured prospective surplus in the Indian exchequer. If for these or other good reasons it was necessary to accumulate large temporary balances here it would have been folly not to employ them to advantage on short loans till required.

A third balance is the Paper Currency Reserve. Its object is to support the rupee note issue in India, which is entirely in the hands of Government, and, stated in sterling, represents a currency of forty to fifty millions. Of this metallic reserve 8.4 million pounds is now held in London; 2.7 millions being invested and 5.7 millions in gold ear-marked in the Bank of England. The reason given for this curious arrangement is not readily comprehensible. This fund can only be applied to its proper purpose in India. Its retention here lends some force to the belief that it is kept in London in order to reinforce the inadequate gold reserves of English banks.

Quite another question is the employment of the firm whose head is brother of the Indian Under-Secretary to carry out a very large purchase of silver. So far as Mr. Montagu is himself concerned there can be no ground for censure. He not only had no part in the transaction but is known to have dissociated himself from any active financial administration because of this connexion. But it was an act of ill judgment on the part of those responsible for the transaction. They should and could have foreseen that it would challenge criticism. The character of Indian administration is an honourable trust. The National Debt of India and its annual taxation are the lowest in their incidence on the population of any important country. The debt, moreover, is entirely covered by assets accrued and invested. The great bulk of it was incurred for reproductive expenditure. The income from this not only pays the interest on the entire debt but leaves a substantial balance in relief of taxation. Last year the State railways and canals contributed nearly four million pounds to the net revenues. A financial policy and administration which can point to such results ought not to be lightly censured.

MR. BOWLES' TRIUMPH.

IT is in no spirit of levity, or with the slightest intention of deriding the great service which Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles has rendered to his country, that we compare him with the man who resisted the levy of Ship-money. On the contrary, we hold that the encroachments of the executive power upon the liberty of the subject are pretty much the same in all ages, and though we do not now "take up arms for cote and conduct and his four nobles of Danegelt", the danger is quite as real and "the defence of just immunities" quite as difficult as it was in the days of the Stuarts. Personal liberty is hard to get, but still harder to keep, because the apathy and ignorance of the masses are no match for the cool and stealthy aggressions of the executive. The sad truth is that the majority of men do not care about personal liberty, unless their domestic comfort is interfered with. The income tax falls only on a handful of the population, not much more than a million: but the value of the principle which Mr. Gibson Bowles has triumphantly vindicated is incalculable, as the working class may one day appreciate. What is that principle? Simply this, that no tax shall be laid upon any subject of this realm except by an Act of Parliament. The result of the proceedings of the first Charles and the second James was the coming of William and Mary, and the very first result of their accession was a declaratory Act known as the Bill of Rights, which sets forth the fundamental rights of a British citizen. It is the only part of our Constitution which is written, and therefore its defiance by the present Government is the more inexcusable. First and foremost amongst the rights of every Briton it is declared that he shall not

be compelled to pay any tax unless imposed by the authority of an Act of Parliament. The income tax has been deducted by banks and public companies upon the authority of a resolution of a Committee of the House of Commons, which has not yet become an Act of Parliament; and this has been going on for years! What, we may well ask, is the use of a Lord Chancellor paid £10,000 a year, of an Attorney-General paid with fees something like £12,000 a year, of a Solicitor-General paid about £9000 a year, if they cannot prevent the Chancellor of the Exchequer from breaking the plain law of the Constitution? Mr. Asquith is a lawyer, as is Mr. Lloyd George, though belonging to what is sometimes called with grim irony the inferior branch of the profession. When a group of lawyers like the Prime Minister, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Loreburn, Lord Haldane, Sir Rufus Isaacs, and Sir John Simon combine to ignore or defy the Bill of Rights we would seem, in the language of Serjeant Maynard, "to have outlived the law".

And yet if Mr. Gibson Bowles had not had the acuteness and the public spirit to bring this matter himself before a court of law, the Government would have gone on levying taxes without authority, "and nothing sed". To those unfamiliar with the procedure of the House of Commons it may be explained that by long custom the Budget, or Finance Act authorising the taxation of the year, must be "grounded on" financial resolutions passed by the Committee of Ways and Means. Thus the Chancellor of the Exchequer moves in the Committee that an income tax of so much in the £, or a duty on tea of so much on the lb., be levied for the year ending 31 March following, and this resolution is debated, and if carried is reported to the Committee, and again discussed on the report stage and finally carried. On these resolutions the Finance Act or Budget is grounded, and this procedure was devised in order to insure caution and deliberation in dealing with finance. Sometimes the resolutions are amended on report, and sometimes the Budget itself is amended, or its clauses rejected, as happened in 1885, when the beer duty proposed by the Liberal Chancellor of the Exchequer was defeated, and in consequence the whole Budget had to be recast by the Conservative Government which succeeded. If the income tax is levied on the authority of the resolution in Committee, and the Finance Act should subsequently be rejected, the absurd and dangerous illegality of the practice would be demonstrated. And how does Mr. Lloyd George know that his Finance Act will be carried? A change of policy, even a mood of ill-temper, in the Nationalist or Labour party would defeat the Budget.

It certainly shows extraordinary ignorance or indifference to the past to suppose that a resolution of the House of Commons has the binding effect of law, for the point was decided a hundred and fifty years ago in the case of Wilkes. The House of Commons expelled Wilkes by a resolution. It is exceedingly doubtful whether the House of Commons has the right to expel a member and declare him unfit to sit unless he has been convicted of felony or misdemeanour, or unless he is a fugitive from justice, which, by the way, Wilkes was for some time. But Wilkes was re-elected, and the House of Commons not only declared by resolution that Wilkes should not sit, but also declared by a further resolution that Colonel Luttrell, who was second on the poll, was the duly elected member for Middlesex. It was this resolution, affecting the legal rights, not only of the two gentlemen in question, but of the electors of Middlesex, which was finally pronounced invalid by the House of Commons itself. This is tolerably ancient history; but we are not surprised that Mr. Lloyd George—did he not ask, "Who is Lord S. John of Bletsoe?"—has never heard of it. We are surprised that the Prime Minister and the Lord Chancellor and the Law Officers were not seized of this not wholly unknown case.

People are asking what will be the practical effect of Mr. Justice Parker's judgment? Will the banks

and the joint-stock banks return the deducted income tax to all their customers and shareholders? This would entail a vast amount of clerical labour, and would not do the income-tax payers any good. Apart from the question of principle, whose importance cannot be exaggerated, the practical effect will be that in future years the Chancellor of the Exchequer will be obliged to put his financial measure in the very van of the Ministerial programme, and will see that it is carried as soon after Easter as possible. Even before the Parliament Act was passed, the present Government was always postponing the Budget to more exciting pieces of legislation. But now, in order to bring their more controversial—i.e., partisan—measures under the Parliament Act, and get them carried without the consent of the House of Lords, the Government must crowd them into the first two years of their existence. Any measures brought forward in the third year are in great danger of not being passed three times before the dissolution in the fifth year. This increases the temptation to put off the Finance Act till the last weeks of the session, in order that there may be more time for measures like Home Rule and Disestablishment. It cannot be too often or too loudly insisted on that the function of taxation is the most important of all the powers of Parliament. This was once a commonplace, and it used to be the pride of former statesmen to prove to a nation of business men that the national finances were their first care. The Budget used to be the great event of the session in the days of Gladstone, and Northcote, and Goschen and Beach. But we have changed all that: we are so debauched by the absinthe of revolution that we really cannot fix our attention on the sordid details of income and expenditure. Mr. Gibson Bowles' victory will, however, compel the Chancellor of the Exchequer to give some kind of attention to the management of the national finances. How many men would have spent their money to attain such an end? How many men would have had the self-confidence and brains to go into court, and, facing the Judge and the Attorney-General, argue their own case? At the height of an argument, as heated as one between an English Tory and a Scotch Whig might be imagined to be, Dr. Johnson asked Boswell's father what good Cromwell had ever done. "God, man", answered the Judge, "he gar'd kings to ken they had a lith in their necks." That is the kind of good which Mr. Gibson Bowles has done, for he has taught Mr. Lloyd George that he must observe the law, and has thus rendered to his countrymen a service the value of which will be more appreciated in a few years than it is apparently to-day.

THE CITY.

BUSINESS is very quiet on the Stock Exchange at present, and it is just as well so. The condition of markets is wonderfully sound. London, Paris and Berlin came through the end-October settlement with remarkably few casualties, and the relief from financial anxiety has been expressed in a general improvement in quotations. But the need for caution lies in the possibility that the political problems of the Balkan situation may cause further uneasiness on the Continental bourses. If Continental investors become alarmed, the London Stock Exchange is sure to be affected, and probably New York would temporarily lose the confidence which has been a satisfactory feature of the markets during the last few days. It must be admitted that no cause for alarm is seriously anticipated, but the uncertainties of the situation render it desirable that speculation should be discouraged.

Steady purchases on account of the Sinking Fund and the existence of a "bear" account have given good support to Consols, and have successfully opposed the influences of dear money and the knowledge that several gilt-edged loans are in prospect. The New South Wales issue of £1,500,000 has been followed by a Queensland loan of £2,000,000, of which £500,000 represents new borrowing. The City of Sydney (N.S.W.) is raising £500,000 in 4 per cents., and if

these issues meet with reasonable success others will be brought out. Meanwhile, several short-term note issues are maturing, and as the Money Market is rather overstocked with that class of security the terms of renewal are less favourable to the borrowers than were those on which the original series were negotiated.

The Home Railway department has received encouragement in the announcement that the Government will redeem its pledge of August last to bring in a short Bill this session to permit the increase of freight charges. Another influence among the Southern passenger stocks is the report of favourable developments in the Kent coalfields. The traffic returns of the leading railways hold promise of satisfactory dividends for the current half-year.

A recovery in Canadian Pacifics was checked by a threatened strike of employees on the railroad, though an official cablegram stating that little inconvenience is anticipated has allayed the fears of serious disturbance to traffic. Grand Trunk securities, with the assistance of another satisfactory return, have been in some demand.

Although the election of Dr. Woodrow Wilson is regarded as foreshadowing a drastic reduction of tariffs, prices of American stocks have advanced substantially. It is argued that nothing can interrupt the tide of prosperity in the United States in view of the excellent crop results, but the sceptics suggest that the strength of the Wall Street market is carefully calculated to facilitate the re-sale to Europe at a profit of the stocks purchased by New York during the brief European panic. Certain it is that the firmness displayed in Wall Street while Europe was throwing out hundreds of thousands of shares was a good advertisement for American securities in the eyes of Continental investors.

Among Foreign Government securities the feature is the continued advance in what are known as the war stocks. Bulgarian, Greek, Servian and Montenegrin bonds have all risen, and even Turkish issues receive support, although in the event of the partition of Turkey the security of some of the loans must present an interesting problem. Foreign Railway stocks have also participated in the general recovery. Argentines were helped by excellent traffics, and Mexican Rails have recovered; but Brazil Common shares suffered under further liquidation from the Continent.

In the Mining Market the reduction of the Consolidated Goldfields dividend to 2s. per share when 3s. 6d. had been expected was a serious disappointment. The directors are dividing profits up to the hilt to make this distribution, and apparently nothing is being allocated to depreciation of investments, whereas £100,000 was so appropriated last year. The condition of the market has been very unfavourable to the company's operations, and unfortunately no appreciable improvement is at present visible. However, the market as a whole has been cheered by the better tone on the Paris bourse, and the general sentiment is no doubt reflected in Mr. Rowsell's speech at the East Rand Mining meeting on Monday. A rise in the price of the metal has imparted renewed strength to Copper shares.

Rubber shares remain extremely quiet, but a little more attention has been given to leading Oil shares by Paris operators. The interest in Shipping shares has slackened somewhat, though higher prices for P. and O. Deferred and Royal Mails are confidently talked of in well-informed circles. J. and P. Coats shares dropped sharply on account of a reduction in profits for the year ended 30 June last, where an increase had been expected.

INSURANCE.

BRIGHTER INSURANCE PROSPECTS.

MOST insurance reports issued this year proved disappointing when examined, and the inevitable conclusion is that 1911 was a generally "lean" year. A few ordinary life offices—specially well managed and popular at the moment—retained their prosperity, but

in the majority of cases indifferent support seems to have been obtained, and several well-known offices more or less lost ground. With a single exception, too, the ordinary-industrial companies reported less than average results in both of their branches, and in certain instances managerial estimates formed at the beginning of the period were not nearly realised. It is probable that our life offices as a body made some progress, but the percentage of increase both in funds and aggregate premium income was unquestionably smaller than usual, owing to the comparative absence of new business. Fire and accident offices, again, experienced a bad time in 1911. About a dozen of the leading Tariff companies obtained a moderate profit on their enormous transactions, but the less important concerns—mostly of the non-Tariff description—generally lost money. Two or three of these minor companies have already withdrawn from business, and others are known to be bravely struggling against steadily accumulating troubles. The fate of these concerns cannot long be in doubt, and it is probable that before the time comes for circulating the reports for 1912 they will either have been taken over or gone into liquidation. Although the results of the current year in all departments of insurance enterprise are still a matter of conjecture, sufficient is known to enable one to state that disappointment will again be somewhat widespread. When accounts are produced next spring ordinary life offices will be found to have collectively done somewhat better than in 1911, because disturbing elements have been less constantly in evidence, but it is not easy to feel optimistic when considering the case of the ordinary-industrial offices, notwithstanding the indirect benefits they may have gained as a result of the success achieved by their approved societies. New life business has certainly not been plentiful in either department, and some companies are already behind their last year's returns.

Fire insurance results may similarly be expected again to prove discouraging. Careful analyses show that the important American field is now unlikely to yield a satisfactory profit, home fire losses have been fairly substantial, Continental losses have been quite up to the average, and only a few of the minor fields have so far reported really successful underwriting. Naturally the great Tariff offices, commanding the soundest risks, have made some money this year, unless the unforeseen happens between now and 31 December, but the outlook for most of the smaller companies is distinctly disquieting, seeing how largely their yearly receipts are swollen by American premiums. Their chances are, to say the least, extremely doubtful. Anxious for premiums, which are difficult to obtain in this country, the managements of the more recently formed companies have formed connexions abroad, and the inevitable penalty is now being paid. Indiscretion, unfortunately, has not been confined to fire insurances alone; it has extended to employers' liability and workmen's compensation risks, and even to marine insurances. One comparatively small company is understood to have lost £20,000 by the "Titanic" disaster, and its shares have depreciated to less than one-third of their former price. This company was not known to be accepting marine risks, but the rapid progress of its premium income indicated that, as in the case of the Law, Car and General, questionable sources of revenue were being tapped.

What is true of one company is also true of others. Managements of new companies seem to have had but one object—namely, to establish a huge premium income in the shortest possible time. Departments have been created broadcast, the country has been flooded with literature, branch offices have been opened here, there and everywhere, and invitations have been sent to American and other foreign brokers asking for business. That such a policy does not pay in the long run is proved by the number of failures that have occurred during the last few years, and the frantic efforts now being made to find purchasers for certain businesses. One or two of the companies, indeed, are in such a bad state that the wished-for purchaser is not forthcoming,

and further trouble is expected. The Tariff offices, it must be remembered, have been taught a lesson that is not likely to be forgotten in a hurry. In order to improve the conditions of the business they represent, control was obtained, at considerable expense, of several of their more important non-Tariff rivals, but the only result was increased competition of a more reckless type.

Apart from the difficulties to which reference has been made, and the unstable position caused by the enactment of workmen's compensation laws in the United States—one important accident company has already had to pass its interim dividend—the prospect for sound business seems to be good. Life offices, in particular, can look forward to brighter days. Unsettlement there has been in their case, mainly resulting from legislation and strikes, but the Assurance Companies Act, 1909, has now been assimilated, the National Insurance Act is commanding less attention, and labour disputes are less serious. All round, indeed, conditions have improved, and the new prospectuses, issued or coming out, are indicative of increasing confidence. Already several new and attractive schemes have been placed before the public, and quite a number of others will appear between now and the early spring. One main cause of the activity is the high rate of interest which can now be earned with safety on life assurance funds—a condition that makes many things possible that cannot be attempted while interest rates rule low.

SALON D'AUTOMNE.

BY ERNEST DIMNET.

NEVER was any exhibition so insignificant—in the true meaning of the phrase—and never has so much been said about one. The contrast leaves one in doubt. You can never be quite sure about the reasons which make people talk and journalists write. Subjects are scarce, and the columns of newspapers are long, that may account for a deluge of words much more than the real importance of a question. This seems to imply that journalistic criticism of art is not very vigorous in France, and indeed it is not; furthermore, it is woefully feeble. Leave aside one solitary journalist whose information is remarkable—if his opinions are apt to be paradoxical—M. Louis Dimier, you will find in the daily Press no art critic capable of more than the forlorn repetition of what he catches here and there. There are scores of artists or art lovers in France who can write and do write about painting, but they do not write in the daily papers.

A municipal councillor, M. Lampué, complained to the Corporation of the indecency there was in the Government lending a public building for such an exhibition as this year's Salon d'Automne and a Minister opening it. This interference ought to have been mentioned en passant, nothing more. Probably the honourable gentleman had never come across the cubists—until two or three years ago they kept or were kept out of the Salon—and his surprise was not enough to warrant endless comments on a manifestation which ought to have lost all novelty long ago. Owing to the comments I have met several people who after reading the papers appeared in painful doubt of their powers of judgment and asked themselves "whether there really was something in these pictures they did not see and ought to see". No, there was not. If they had the good or the ill luck to meet with any of the people who paint, buy or praise those things, they would soon laugh at their own anxieties. There may be a certain amount of ingenuity in a few, a very few of the cubists' pictures, there never is any trace of more than very ordinary talent. A cubist is invariably a man of inferior gifts who seeks refuge in strangeness to conceal what he feels himself is his inferiority. The trick is obvious in one of the supposed remarkable pictures at the Salon, the "Card Players", by M. de la Fresnaye. A line in a back here, in an arm there, the caricatured expression of one eye are good enough; I mean they would be passable in a cartoon by a second-rate

draughtsman. Set them in an extraordinary assemblage of distorted limbs, the contrast will give them a certain value on which your puzzled attention will find itself riveted for a moment or two. Nothing is more simple.

I believe most people are not sure of the meaning of the word "cubism", and would never bother their heads about the thing any more if they were clear about it. They imagine it is something like stippling or divisionism, a technical process, a mysterious handling of the brush. It is not so. It is nothing else than the pretension we had, you and I, when we were three years old, to draw a face that should be at the same time a full face and a profile. The cubists paint sometimes one-half of a head in full face and the other in profile. (In the picture I mentioned above one eye of one of the card players is seen whole and the other sideways.) Oftener they paint several sides of the same object and juxtapose them in a mist of incoherent lines. You will see at Windsor Castle the full face and the two side faces of Charles I. on one canvas, and at the National Gallery a portrait of Richelieu varied in the same manner. But Sir Anthony Van Dyck in the first picture, and Philippe de Champaigne in the second, had no notion of inducing the spectator to believe he saw one head while he really saw three aspects of the same head. The cubists are des farceurs who should be left to enjoy their joke in complete solitude, but human silliness will not let them. A cubist and a piratical financier belong to the same family of psychologists.

It has happened that while so much mere nonsense was being written about the cubists, two men worth hearing on the subject of art delivered themselves of slowly formed judgments on the contemporary conceptions of painting; both artists of unquestioned power, both looked upon as representatives of highly modern tendencies, and both writers of rare merit, whose possession of their subject is felt under every word.

The first is M. Jacques Blanche, whom I need hardly introduce to English readers; he feels too much at home in London to be a real stranger there. I remember the time when M. Blanche did not enjoy the universal popularity he possesses now. The small magazines extolled him to the skies, as they still do, but the canonising powers held aloof. His portrait of Paul Adam, now in the Luxembourg, was the subject of endless discussion. That picture, which to ninety-nine in a hundred visitors seems to be as near the manner of Benjamin Constant as that of Fantin-Latour was supposed to be revolutionary: M. Blanche was decidedly a young school painter. It took him ten years to conquer prejudices and convince the conventional vision that his technique was originality and not tricking. From that date he has occupied a curious position, which his individuality makes the more exceptional and somewhat uncomfortable. M. Blanche is a man of fortune who evidently paints for his pleasure and exhibits only when he feels so inclined. His painting even apart from his choice of subjects would be enough to let us know that there is in him something supremely fastidious, that his strength is the strength of elegance, that he loves beauty not for mere beauty's sake but for the consciousness of loving it, and possibly for the pleasure of standing apart from those who cannot see it. It seems to me that a few square inches of one of his pictures properly studied would conjure up a vision of an artist who is at the same time a man of the world and a psychologist. As a man of the world I doubt not that he has a great many admirers and a few resolute enemies, for as a psychologist he has the clear-sightedness which must almost invariably be regarded as uncharitable. Altogether he is a very near relation of another man to whom all I have said would easily apply and for whom he has the deepest sympathy, Whistler. It is this kind of man who is claimed as a champion by the Post-Impressionists, and two pictures of whom hang in this year's Salon d'Automne—not very far from a sketch by Delacroix, it is true—as a sort of trophy held up by unrecognised genius to unrecognising stupidity.

M. Blanche is too averse from unseemly commotion to tell point-blank his undesirable followers that they do not follow him at all; he contents himself to harmonise with Fantin-Latour—who also found himself surrounded with a kind of admiration he could not fancy—and he damns one after the other the principles of the Futurists in detached little sentences which their polite tone makes the more crushing: "Luminosity comes not from the tones but from their opposition; it is inexplicable that some people should have imagined recently that high lights alone were luminous; plain tones, even in the purest touches, fade and grow dim; they are as dangerous as bitumen used to be" etc. M. Blanche advises his so-called friends to go to Rembrandt's school, and all he says in their defence is an incidental approval of black.*

While M. Blanche makes this destructive criticism of the colouring of the Post-Impressionists, M. Maurice Denis considers their drawing and general inspiration, and the result is just as terrible. I should warn the reader at once that while M. Jacques Blanche was mostly adopted by the Revolutionists because he happened to be repudiated by the Conventionalists, the case stands very differently with M. Denis. This painter was—nay, still is—one of the extremists; his book † is full of the names of Cézanne, Vallotton, Vuillard, Bonnard, Cross, Flandrin and the others. He regards Gauguin as a "master", and though he deprecates the principles of Matisse, he speaks of him almost as if he were speaking to him, in a tone which apologises for his words. The sole difference between them and himself is his talent, which gradually outgrew his ideas, and a highly cultivated instinct, the development of which has finally resulted in a real body of aesthetics. I had the pleasure of meeting M. Maurice Denis in Italy some ten years ago: we looked together at the pictures in a catacomb and at those in the Perugia Gallery. The artist struck me by his almost literary effort after generalisation, and I am not surprised at the metaphysical tendencies of his book.

If you examine one of M. Denis' pictures—"Le Soir Florentin" or "La Treille Heureuse", in the last two Salons, or the frescoes in the Vésinet church—you will be puzzled. Several of the characteristics of the Neo-Impressionists are there: the drawing is deliberately—I might say conventionally—unconventional (figures either too slender or the reverse; heads leaning to one side etc.); the outline is marked out by the usual broad black line; the colouring seems crude unless your eye is trained to see harmonies in the silks of a work-basket; there is something strange and almost queer over the whole picture. But there is beauty too, a combination of the sensuous and the spiritual, sometimes rare imagination—especially in the Vésinet pictures—and a diffused happiness in the atmosphere of the work which is perceptible even to the least experienced.

Now listen to M. Denis. He admits that he and his friends began with exaggerations: "We went back to childishness, as a swimmer goes to the bottom in order to rise again; Gauguin copied at first not the Parthenon horses but the wooden horse of his infant days; we were barbarism, revolution, feverishness, but after all we were wisdom too—in fact, we aimed at classicism, not the classicism of Boileau, but that of Polyucte; the deformations of our drawing tended towards the inevitable deformation produced by the artist's eye before any object, and which, properly analysed, is nothing but style" etc. All these passages are confessions, and more or less recantations, the last one alone is a profession of faith. And what does it amount to? To the world-old principle that the methods of art vary, but the artist must be himself. Now are the cubists themselves, are they personal, or on the contrary are they not poor creatures who abdicate all originality before a method and the easiest of all methods? Look into M. Denis' theories; compare them with his works; you will find that all he

* "Essais et Portraits." Paris: Dorbon. 1912.

† "Théories." Paris: L'Occident. 1912.

advocates is the re-education of the artist through inner motives—religion not the least of them—which will rebuild his individuality. There is not one point in common between such a conception and the coarse practical joke we are made the victims of at the Salon. Take Signac's admirable book,* take any of the many utterances of the Impressionists, it will be the same thing: the Futurists will always be described by the charitable as mere beginners. Why, then, should we, the public, regard them as more than that?

A GOOD PLAY FROM THE DUTCH.

BY JOHN PALMER.

LET us for a moment pause upon the fantastic position of Mr. Alfred Butt at the "Palace." I had thought that every imaginable practical joke had already been played by the Lord Chamberlain upon the London theatres. I was wrong. The prohibition of "A Venetian Night" is grotesque in quite a novel and an unexpected way. The kernel of the jest is that in 1909 the Lord Chamberlain brutally barred the paradise of his jurisdiction from the music halls. He would not look at a stage-play that came to him from the "Palace" or the "Tivoli". With a stony British stare he simply ignored that there were such places within the geographical limits of his authority. But Mr. Butt and his comrades insisted. They would not be overlooked. Here was a king *should* reign over them, whether he liked it or not. The Lord Chamberlain gave way. He began to license stage-plays for production at the "Palace" and the "Tivoli". Now he is reigning with a vengeance! One of the most celebrated producers in Europe has come all the way from Berlin; he has brought with him mimes from Germany; he has caused to be built for his convenience a revolving stage; he has cost Mr. Butt many thousands of pounds. Then, at the last moment, Mr. Butt applies for an insurance policy at two guineas from the Lord Chamberlain's office; and in sheer exuberance of propriety, quite unnecessarily submits his wordless spectacle to the fiat of the Lord Chamberlain's insurance agents. The policy is refused.

Obviously Mr. Butt should ignore the Censor, and produce "A Venetian Night" for public appreciation. The Lord Chamberlain has no clear legal right to his jurisdiction over music halls. It may be true that the mere fact of his having licensed stage-plays for performance at the "Palace" has turned it into a theatre. But the precise legal sanction of his authority is a problem in law. Suppose Mr. Butt denies that his wordless spectacle is a stage-play, and asserts that his house in Charing Cross Road, respecting this particular performance, is a music hall under the Disorderly Houses Act of 1851, what can the Lord Chamberlain do? The situation is packed with delightful possibilities; for the burden of proof is upon the Censor, who has never shown himself competent to prove anything whatever in connexion with the duties and powers of his office. The Lord Chamberlain would be in a difficult place if Mr. Butt really cared to be inconvenient. The Censor has been over-bold; in fact, for the first time in the history of this institution we are compelled reluctantly to admire the Censor's courage. He has turned from bullying the small men to challenge the popular manager of a popular theatre. If he continued to do this, he might grow into an honourable, if not into a useful, public institution. But if he continued to do this, he would be abolished. For this reason I shall be extremely surprised if the Lord Chamberlain insists upon his prohibition. I fully expect to hear within the next few days that the Censor has re-inspected "A Venetian Night", and framed his excuses.

I should like to go on writing about the Censor. He is inexhaustible. But my weekly essay is upon another topic altogether. I want to write about this week's

performance of Heijermans' "The Good Hope" by the Pioneer Players.

Print, of course, is infallible; and people who write for the printer know all that is written in "Lemprière" and the "Encyclopædia Britannica". But what really amazes me is not so much the omniscience of the journeyman pressman as his mirific gift of tongues; and here the dramatic critics are easily first afield. I have this week been profoundly impressed by the number of dramatic critics who can fluently speak and write in a language that has become almost a by-word in esoterics. I mean Dutch. I am disgracefully distinguished from all other critics in my method of dealing with Herman Heijermans' "The Good Hope". I cannot place him among the Dutch dramatists of his era; I do not even know precisely where his era is to be found. Of course I am bitterly aware of my deficiencies. I realise that I am expected to speak and write like a native at least seven European languages; have a familiar nodding acquaintance with the drama of the Hindus and the Mongolians; be able to detect and appreciate the parodies of obscure Athenian poets and orators so liberally scattered through the comedies of Aristophanes. When I think of the hard-working, conscientious, and—alas!—obscure writers upon drama who can descant as infallibly upon a Hindu mystery play as upon the most plain-English farce; who are intimately acquainted with the literature and the dramatic history of Norway, Sweden, the Iberian Peninsula, Holland, Ancient Greece and Rome, Modern Italy, Russia, and so forth; and are even able to talk American with an accent faultlessly correct—when I think of these men veiling their august capacities behind the mysteriously decent and provocative initials required by the venerable traditions of the daily Press—then my spirits sink into my carpet-slippers, and I begin to suspect that the violence of my opinions may possibly be insufficient to cover the insecurity of their foundation.

No; I cannot do justice to Herman Heijermans. It is my duty exactly to measure his place among contemporary Dutchmen; exactly to determine the position of his translated play with respect to the plays he wrote before and after; to compare his mastery of Dutch idiom and dialect with corresponding excellences in Gogol and the author of "Sakuntala". But—me miserrime!—either with Falstaff I am fain "to shuffle, to hedge, to lurch"; or I must frankly dishonour the uniform of my mystery. (Dramatic critics are like waiters in the poignant sense that the uniform of other men's pleasure, the signal that other men have put aside the business of the day, the symbol of ease and enfranchisement, is for the waiter and the critic the robe of duress, the badge of sufferance, the customary suit of solemn black.) Falstaff's way would be well within my exiguous talent for deception: it would be so easy to find in this play of Heijermans the clear minuteness of a Dutch interior. There must be a whole article in the very phrase "Dutch interior". But I prefer to be honest. I don't in the least know in what intimate respects the play is a Dutch play. I shall treat it openly as a play translated for English people who are prepared to take it for granted that Dutchmen write plays, and go to the theatre just like English people.

A very excellent play it is—a play that fails of greatness when the author forgets his great theme and falls to be the mere rhetorical prophet of Labour v. Capital, and that becomes a little tedious when, in the "Dutch interior" manner (really not Dutch at all, unless Mr. Barker and Mr. Galsworthy are Dutch), he is too fearful of omitting anything that might be important. But when there comes into the play a great wind from the sea, blowing into every crevice of the lives and fates of its people, we are lifted to the level of great drama. Here again I might write at large upon Dutchmen and their hereditary seafaring habits, seasoning my discourse with liberal references to Van Tromp and de Ruyter. I refrain. But I will confidently assert that we have but few things in modern English

* "De Delacroix aux Impressionnistes." Paris: Flournoy. 1910.

dramatic literature to put beside the Third Act of "The Good Hope". The herring fleet is far out in the storm as the women at home sit about the lamp talking—this one of a husband, that one of a brother lost. The sea is a cruel, almost physical, presence; and when, in the superb climax, a girl, distraught for her lover abroad on the sea, flings open the window, and the furious wind blows in, extinguishing the lamp, it is as though we had seen with our eyes the hopes and fears of those that had sat about the frail flame blown to the dark. No scene in the play reaches the level of this splendid moment, where we are almost upon the heights of Synge's "Riders to the Sea". But throughout the play, wonderfully shot with the sun despite the author's relentless pursuit of his theme, the spirit of tragedy is never far aloof. It is instructive to note that the author's mood only approaches the sentimental in the scenes of propaganda. Frankly he asks for our tears in face of the hardships of penniless seamen in the grip of the capitalist smack-owner. But, in face of the mighty sea, he makes the appeal that Synge made, and the masters of great tragedy—the appeal to our sense of the irony of immutable things. The laws of the sea are accepted. They steel the spirit and fortify the heart. To exclaim in defiance of its power were to do it wrong, being so majestic. But against the laws of men, or—shall we rather say?—the laws of the code, wild outcry is permitted, and savage rebellion. The persistently fine thing about this play of Heijermans is the fatal acquiescence of the wise and the strong in the laws of life. They are, profoundly, a religious people. To cry out against the sea is, for them, temptation of God. Their refuge is simple faith, and a childlike philosophy that consents—"We take the fish, and God takes us".

Miss Ellen Terry was this week in her old part of the peasant fishwife—or, with regret be it said, in the ruins of her part. Still, it was a wonderful performance. Hers is the character that sums up the acquiescence in their destiny that seems to be the inherited possession of those that follow the sea. If Heijermans just misses greatness here, it is precisely in the fashion that Mr. Masfield misses greatness in Nan. The scales are too heavily weighted against these two women. Not only destiny, but accident, is hostile; and, instead of getting an impression of the bigness of fate, we get an impression of the malignancy of fortune—in fact, we catch our poet with his hand upon the strings pulling awry for our tears. Moments there are in both plays when tragedy divinely looks through the web of accident: as when Nan, on behalf of all her sisters, kills the abominable hedonist, and as when the peasant-woman sits alone with her niece while the sea takes toll of their dead. Heijermans, like Mr. Masfield, has not sustained that high note for very long. But even in his propagandist scenes of "Marseillaise" and syndicalism for the Navy he is steadily above the false values of the theatre. The full-close of his history is admirable. Irony rings down the curtain. There is no sentimental paltering with truth at the finish. All the clichés of the customary last Act are omitted—in fact, the hardened English theatre-goer is conceivably more astonished at the things (the inevitable, customary things) which do not happen in the Fourth Act of "The Good Hope" than at the things which do. Thus, there is in the play—most unhappily it seems to me—a modern villain whose sins are black as ink. The hero might have taken him by the throat and choked him; any one of the seamen he reviled might have thrust a knife into his big stomach; or he might have fearfully expired, strangled with remorse for his tremendous offences. He does none of these things. He simply persists. His punishment is left entirely to Heaven, as is commonly the case with modern successful rogues, who are much too clever at self-excuse to spoil their health with a fretful conscience.

Certainly Herman Heijermans is a very remarkable dramatist. I am sorry to be unable to do him common justice as a Dutchman. I must buttonhole one of the experts.

POST-IMPRESSIONIST PREFACES.

By C. H. COLLINS BAKER.

IF no better case than Messrs. Roger Fry's and Clive Bell's can be made out for Post-Impressionism we cannot be blamed for dismissing the whole business as a mysterious and rather boring conspiracy to fool the public. How many Post-Impressionists can solemnly swear to themselves, on their private altars, that nothing but pure faith sends them to the stake of much advertised notoriety is a question that no sceptics have a right to answer. But we shall not wonder, after reading the prefaces to the Grafton Gallery exhibition catalogue, if we find our sceptics undiminished.

Mr. Clive Bell's contribution is a muddle of clouded thought, loose argument, historical inaccuracy and phrases, such as that all the pictures in the show are "manifestations of spiritual revolution which proclaims art a religion and forbids its degradation to the level of a trade", that in American are described as "hot air". Mr. Fry, whose conviction none I think would question, appears to be somewhat in difficulties as to more or less fundamental laws of physical and psychical processes. (Art nowadays, you see, has become an abstruse kind of metaphysic that seems to stand in need of extraordinary ingeniousness.)

Mr. Bell assures us that Mr. Wyndham Lewis' art is practically independent of "association or suggestion". Obviously if this means anything it is that this gifted painter's art means nothing. Humanly speaking, it is impossible for a man to picture things that are associated with nothing, suggested by nothing, and which suggest nothing; conceptualist diagrams are another matter. Surely Mr. Bell might reflect a little on the conditions of consciousness and perception, and so spare us these inconceivable ideas. He then engagingly concedes that fully to appreciate Mr. Fry's art and Mr. Grant's "it is necessary to be a human being". Presumably it is a *sine qua non* that we be non-human in order to apprehend this Mr. Lewis. What guarantee, though, have we that rabbits and clams can apprehend him, or that he has established communication with the hypothetical inhabitants of another solar system? Surely we are not exigent in demanding more satisfying proof than Mr. Bell's mere implication and Mr. Lewis' indefinable pictures. I need quote the former but a little further, for then we shall have reached not only his climax but also, if I read Mr. Fry correctly, a curious point where both prefaces coincide. "All the painters here", says Mr. Bell, "are true *plastic* artists; wherefore the most important qualities in their work are quite independent of place or time or a particular civilisation or point of view. Theirs is an art that stands on its own feet instead of leaning upon life; and herein it differs from traditional English art." Which, to cut the sentence shorter, "has been for two centuries the laughing-stock of Europe".

Now why is true *plastic* art independent of time or point of view; indeed, how can any thinking person hold that any expression of consciousness is independent of point of view and chronology? Pictorial expression is consciousness visualised, and consciousness must surely depend on time and "point of view". Mantegna, for example, is Mantegna; the inevitable result of his conditions. In the same way the least plastic art is rigidly dependent on conditions. If these loose meaningless statements of Mr. Bell are irritating, what are we to think of his next assertion that Post-Impressionists are independent of life, the presumable meaning of his epigram about "standing on its feet instead of leaning upon life"? Mr. Fry chimes in with his explanation of French Post-Impressionists who "do not seek to imitate form but to create form; not to imitate life but to find an equivalent for life".

As everybody knows, the function of pictorial art is to transmit to our consciousness the visualised consciousness of others, who are more or less fitted by patient mastery of obvious external appearances to reveal more spiritual qualities. Vital art is that which

by communion gains ever more the confidence of life (or nature); academic art is that which rests content with superficial knowledge and falls back upon a dummy life whereby an effect well within the understanding of popular ignorance can be repeated with facility. It is obvious that as visualised consciousness is wholly dependent for sustenance upon perception of external life, so the shutting off of life-perception affects art as starvation affects the body. "Not leaning upon life", then, and "creating an equivalent for life" are nothing more than euphemism; on this clause Alma Tadema and Mr. Marcus Stone could be smuggled into the rare heaven we are asked to accept as harbouring the Post-Impressionists. As for Mr. Fry's "creation" of form (his apology for Picasso's "Head of a Man" being something totally unlike a human head), in the case of a starving body that would be called living upon its own waste, un replenished matter.

I said something about Mr. Clive Bell's historical inaccuracy, referring to his assertion that English art has been Europe's laughing-stock for two centuries. Surely Mr. Fry might have edited this queer nonsense, for he has a deep knowledge of art history. Wherein may I ask Mr. Bell did English art in 1712 differ from French or German or Italian, save in degree? Does he think Hogarth, Reynolds and Gainsborough ever were ridiculous to foreign eyes; or that Constable and Turner were not vital forces in the development of French art? This feeble special pleading is poor service to a cause. A truer sense of history and a clear-thinking mind would have landed Mr. Bell in a more logical extravaganza; had he recognised the fundamental unity of aim in European art he then could have assured us that Europe had been the laughing-stock of Europe for six hundred years. I don't say that this assurance would better the chances of Post-Impressionism; but it would be logical.

The theory that these pictures are not decorative properties ("not pieces of handsome furniture") seems to me to broach a possible solution, to indicate an easy way out; for indeed they are not pictorial. Pictorial art is clearly conditioned; anything is not a picture, as one might say, nor is everything pictorial. You cannot paint the time or a creed; and coloured charts, house elevations, maps of blood-vessels or mathematical diagrams are not pictorial expression. A reasonable definition of Post-Impressionism is an abstruse science for the propagation of passionately emotional diagrams. Surely we can find a place for this new movement without incorporating it with art. Supposing the special war correspondents at the front took to reporting Balkan battles in the manner of M. Picasso's "Head of a Man", in purely abstract language, displacing the cardinal facts of the campaign, would their feverish protestations of equivalents for truth, creation of tactics and passionate emotion convince us that their proper job was journalism? No unbiased person would advocate a suppression of Post-Impressionism; by all means we must support religious toleration (see Mr. Bell's preface). But let it be classed not with art but with conceptualist empiric sciences.

One of these prefaces claims that Post-Impressionist art is contemplative, the work of seers who have gained communion with the mysteries of life. Are we to take this seriously—that a whole batch and school of young painters, most of them comparatively untrained and as yet capable of but a superficial perception of surface appearances, has miraculously and unanimously achieved the plane of contemplation, at which Rembrandt arrived only after half a lifetime's unparalleled "imitation"? This looks like contemplation learned by rote, based upon fixed academic rules and easily communicated. True art, ever pursuing elusive life, is fluent; a science of cubes and triangles, suspiciously akin to kindergarten formulæ for drawing cows or cats, is fixed and exhaustible. It has taken Mr. Wilson Steer nearly thirty years to see the truths that make wonderful the sky in his "Summer Evening" at the Goupil Gallery. I don't suppose Mr. Steer adver-

tises his artistic religion, his passionate attempts or contemplative vision; unselfconscious contemplation, however, is a more authentic "proposition".

THE PERFECT PARODIST.

WITH APOLOGIES TO MAX.

BY FILSON YOUNG.

... No collector, I. Not mine the proud anxiety of portfolios of French drawings, or cabinets of Sévres and Dresden, or great basons and tankards of William and Mary silver, or gems of the Italian Renaissance, or collections of jade, majolica, harpsichords, first editions, ivories, copes, enamels or scarabæi, or any other of the treasures by which men advertise their taste or gratify their vanity. Mine the humbler, pleasanter part of mere critic and appraiser. I am content that my friends should possess, and that I should merely enjoy. Bending over their collections with a few well-chosen words of discerning praise, I am credited with unerring judgment and faultless taste. Enough.

But I stray from the point. I have a sheet of stout white paper before me, a new pen in my hand, and an article of value* beside me. Why should I delay to give judgment? I am sitting in my cosy room; a bright fire burns in the hearth, and its crackle mingles pleasantly with the murmur of London without my curtained windows. The hour approaches midnight; no one will disturb me; the telephone bell will not ring; that marble bust, to which annually on Shakespeare's birthday I climb by means of a step ladder and reverently affix a chaplet of laurel, beams down upon me from my bookcase. In no wise daunted, inspired rather, by that august regard, I dip my pen in the ink. Glossy black shines, liquid ebony, on snow-white quill. Yes, reader, I admit it; when I write I am fain of a quill. Those curving bundles, rubber-cinct, feather-tipped, are symbols to me of the days when I, fond youth, did wander forth upon the flowery slopes of Parnassus, and slake my infant thirst at the springs of Helicon. Now, when everyone carries a black pocket-barrel that empties itself in a flash, they are rare ornaments of the writer's table; and save in the musty recesses of venerable clubs, and on the fair porphyry of altars furnished daily by assiduous grooms of chambers, you do nowhere find them enstacked. I am glad to pay tribute to them here. Their dull odour, faintly reminiscent of the goose and therefore repugnant to the nostrils of the vulgar, is more delicious to me, more melancholy sweet, than scent of soever long-stored rose-leaves. . . . But I have wandered into sentiment. Back to the point, then—

But no, I cannot go on parodying Max. You cannot parody the parodist. And Max is the arch parodist of our time; he parodies in two dimensions. This little book, in which he has collected some dozen and a half of literary studies in the manner of his contemporaries, is, like all his works, a fine study in the medium which he has set himself to use. It is very light, but it is not trivial, nor does it leave behind it that rather disagreeable emptiness which a collection of parodies usually leaves, where the care taken with the manner has been utterly disproportioned to the matter. The substance of most of these parodies would in itself be worth reading, in whatever style it had been expressed. He has not so much copied his models as extended them. He has projected the mind of each writer into a theme of his own invention, and, but for the subtle touches of exaggeration, and an occasional reduction of the method to absurdity, he has written as they would have written.

It is extremely witty and amusing; and it is by far the most serious of the many serious writings of Max. For parody of this kind done with comprehension and high skill is really a kind of literary criticism, and not the least serious and comprehensive kind. He has not

* "A Christmas Garland." Woven by Max Beerbohm. London: Heinemann. 1912. 5s.

only parodied the style of his authors, but their mind also. Their manner of thought, their outlook upon life, and their method of expressing both, have been absorbed by him; and his delicate exaggerations, applied just at the right points, serve to reveal the weaknesses and sometimes even the forces of their methods with a clarity that twice the verbiage of mere critical analysis would never have achieved. It is as though, instead of elaborately describing the clothes worn by his subjects, Max had himself put on each suit in turn, strutted or lounged awhile in the manner of each, and spoken thoughts like theirs in a telling imitation of their tones. And behind these solemn parodies of Kipling, Henry James, Wells, Meredith and so forth lurks the shadow of Max himself, making it quite plain to you in what estimation each is held and mocking with a merciful humour the mannerisms of them all. The essays are much less severe than are his caricatures of people drawn with a pencil; in his drawings his method is chiefly to expose; in the literary caricatures a kindly cloak of humour is thrown over the victims, whom he sometimes flatters subtly by expressing their individuality in a higher power than they can achieve. I doubt, for example, if Mr. George Moore could have written his essay on Dickens as well as Max has written it, or if Mr. Arnold Bennett realises his own style so clearly as Max has realised it in "Struts".

The parodies fall naturally into two groups; those in which the author has achieved both the mind and style of his subjects, and those in which only the style is imitated. In the case of Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Street, Mr. Gosse, Mr. A. C. Benson, and perhaps even of Mr. Joseph Conrad, where there is no extreme mannerism of style, but merely an attitude of mind, the results are less striking, although they all reveal knowledge of the subject and contain subtle indirect commentary thereon. One would say that they are less suitable for this kind of treatment than the writers whose style is more bizarre. The only really severe parody is that of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Apart from the style, the whole of the little story entitled "P.C. X. 36" expresses a harsh view of Mr. Kipling's ideas of what is fine; but the style is perfectly parodied. "Judlip eyed them longingly as they tacked up the street. Then he sighed. Now when Judlip sighs the sound is like unto that which issues from the vent of a Crosby boiler when the cog-gauges are at 260° F." An easier study is that of Henry James. It is not difficult to write a good Henry James passage; but Max, I think, has achieved a perfect one. Here it is:

"As to whether, in the years that have elapsed since he said this, either of our friends (now adult) has, in fact, 'peered', is a question which, whenever I call to the house, I am tempted to put to one or other of them. But any regret I may feel in my invariable failure to 'come up to the scratch' of yielding to this temptation is balanced, for me, by my impression—my sometimes all but throned and anointed certainty—that the answer, if vouchsafed, would be in the negative."

The truest imitations are those of Mr. Wells, Mr. Belloc, and Mr. George Moore; at once the cleverest and most extravagant is that on George Meredith; the least successful are those on Mr. Thomas Hardy and Mr. Bernard Shaw; the most serious (as befits the subject) is that on Mr. Galsworthy; the only dull one that on Mr. Chesterton; the unkindest are those on Mr. A. C. Benson and Mr. Kipling. Mr. Hewlett was too easy a subject to make him quite worthy of a place in this book. Here is one of the best passages from the Wellsian story entitled "Perkins and Mankind":

§ 2.

"During dinner his eyes wandered furtively up and down the endless ornate table, and he felt he had been, in a sort of way, right in thinking these people were the handiest instrument to prise open the national conscience with. The shining red faces of the men, the shining white necks and arms of the women, the fearless eyes, the general free-and-easiness and spacious-

ness, the look of late hours counteracted by fresh air and exercise and the best things to eat and drink—what mightn't be made of these people, if they'd only Submit?

"Perkins looked behind them, at the solemn young footmen passing and repassing, noiselessly, in blue and white liveries. They had Submitted. And it was just because they had been able to that they were no good."

"'Damn!' said Perkins, under his breath."

But there, what is the use of saying anything more about a book like this? The only proper criticism of it is to tell you to go forthwith and buy it; and at the same time order (for the bookseller will not have them in stock) the three or four other volumes that constitute the Works of Max Beerbohm. Make, then, a little corner in your bookshelf for them and resort thither often when your spirit, being too sober, needs enlivening, or, being too lively, needs to be sobered. The philosophy in these books will achieve either result for you, and will also purify your sense of literary style, teaching you to think naturally and sincerely, and to be like yourself instead of like everyone else. But it is black work for me to have to draw attention in these pages to the excellencies of my distinguished predecessor, sometime colleague, and, I would fain hope, colleague again. Why not? Life is short, and a generation will soon come that knows thee not, Max, and cares not for the things of our transient day which thy firefly lamp has illuminated. Come back to us, Max. Come back, and those

"mixed powers employ,

Dead things with unbreathed sense able to pierce".

Come back and join this concert which has too long lacked thy dulcet notes and the perfect diapason which thou so well didst maintain. I at any rate will scrape my horsehair and blow my humble brass the more heartily for hearing, high above it, the dropping notes of boxwood and silver.

CORRESPONDENCE.

COLONEL BROMLEY-DAVENPORT AND LORD ROBERTS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

20 West Park Road Kew, 30 October 1912.

SIR—An erroneous conclusion may be drawn by the public, if the recent attack by Colonel Bromley-Davenport upon Lord Roberts is passed over in silence.

No remarks are called for by the statement (reported in the "Morning Post", 30 October) that he "who wilfully bandaged his eyes and blinded himself to everything that was good in order to enlarge upon and exaggerate everything that was bad was not only a source of danger but of mischief". The matter is immaterial, because it in no way applies to Lord Roberts. To expose our weakness is to invite invasion, says Colonel Bromley-Davenport, implying that Lord Roberts has divulged a profound secret by speaking of our unreadiness. As Colonel Bromley-Davenport must be aware, our unreadiness has been for many years as well known to the officials in Berlin, Vienna and Rome as to Lord Roberts. The only person in Christendom ignorant of it is good, easy John Bull, to whom Lord Roberts told the unpleasant truth.

Colonel Bromley-Davenport's remarks upon the sea were incomplete. He remarked what a protection it was, but (as reported) he forgot to add that every improvement in sea ships or air ships grievously diminishes its defensive value.

Colonel Bromley-Davenport must have surely repressed a smile when he spoke of Lord Roberts' condemnation of the Territorial Force as "a poor compliment" to all concerned. Should a citizen expect the applause of his friends when he secures his house against burglars? And if a passing policeman severely criticises his methods of defence, can he reasonably complain that the constable's remarks were a poor compliment? Such a man would be hooted through the streets.

"Compulsory service is unnecessary" and the Terri-

torial Force is "a remarkable success", says Colonel Bromley-Davenport, while Lord Roberts holds that compulsory service is imperatively necessary and that the Territorial Force is very far from being a success. It is for the public to appreciate the relative value of the military opinions of an ex-Financial Secretary to the War Office and of our greatest living soldier, who has commanded armies in the field and has been Commander-in-Chief both in India and England.

But neither of the great political parties will touch compulsory service, adds Colonel Bromley-Davenport. With this Lord Roberts has nothing whatever to do. He acted as a duly qualified physician, diagnosed the symptoms and gave his prescription; and if the patient refuses to take the necessary medicine—well, so much the worse for the patient.

Yours obediently

H. W. L. HIME (Lieut.-Col.).

THE BALKAN SETTLEMENT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR—Mr. Winston Churchill and others have lately used the fact of the Balkan war in support of arguments for armament against the possibility of war between the Great Powers. To prevent misapprehension I would state that I do not deny for one moment the advisability of our having the strongest of navies and general compulsory service. But it seems to me that the Balkan war has in itself rather tended to increase the improbability of warfare between the Great Powers; which have reached a stage of evolution where the national question is of little or no importance. The one disturbing factor is South-East Europe. There the national question is still open not only for Greece, Montenegro, Servia, Bulgaria, Macedonia, Thrace, Albania, and Turkey, but in some measure for Russia, Austria-Hungary, and perhaps Roumania. For countries where the national question has not been solved by evolution the arbitrament of battle is still probable. Therefore the nearer the ultimate settlement of the present war approaches a settlement on national lines the greater will be the probability of lasting peace. Austria is already beginning to understand that a real settlement in South-Eastern Europe on national lines would give her so great economic advantages that she might thereby regain her premier position.

Your obedient servant

F. C. CONSTABLE.

"THE DECLINE OF THE ARISTOCRACY."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Langlee Jedburgh N.B.
5 November 1912.

SIR—I read with interest your review of "The Decline of the Aristocracy", but are you not too pessimistic? If, as you say, the aristocracy are a fact, are they any less so because an aristocrat, like a gentleman, is not easily defined? Is there no hope that the predictions in "Sybil" and "Coningsby" will come to be fulfilled and that our nobility will lead us? Does not our House of Lords as now constituted, including the two peers you have named, fairly represent our nobility, and are they not just as fit to lead us as—"That worst of tyrants, a usurping crowd"?

It seems to me that their powers are not impaired where a Government with a small majority is concerned, and that they could not at any time have enforced their veto against a Government with a strong majority. Does anyone doubt that the nation, not this or that class but the nation, badly wants to be led? I wish that someone would take up the idea I am trying to express, and state it with force and clearness.

Yours faithfully

ARTHUR F. SCOTT.

UNIONIST LAND POLICY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Constitutional Club Northumberland Avenue W.C.
22 October 1912.

SIR—Your correspondent Mr. Ryder seems to know little about the Unionist land policy. He says that the area of cultivable land is too small to permit of two (as he calls them) "rival" systems existing side by side. He seems to forget that the landlord and tenant system has broken down in these days. It worked very well on the whole, but times are changing, and it is a wise policy to change wisely with them. Again, he says that if we start a "land revolution on Mr. Jesse Collings' lines the labourer will speedily oust the farmer". That may be your correspondent's opinion, but Mr. Collings himself would not subscribe to such a description of his policy, and, in view of Mr. Collings' Land Purchase Bill, it is a grotesque mis-description. Your correspondent, in referring in conclusion to the yeoman, says we really need to know more about him. With his other remarks, and the general tenor of them, I agree, provided that his injunction to know more is applicable to himself. You are certainly quite right in saying that we need to supplement the existing system of landlord and tenant, and for several reasons.

Yours obediently

A YEOMAN.

MARRIED WOMEN'S INCOME TAX.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Morland West Hampstead
22 October 1912.

SIR—Your comment in your Review on the case of Mr. Mark Wilks' imprisonment will meet with great approval both from suffragists and non-suffragists. We must all agree that "the suffragist agitation has done some good by showing the anomalies of the law and the privileges that women enjoy at the expense of their husbands". But, being a woman, I fail to see the "privileges" in my case and in that of hundreds, probably thousands, of married women. If I were living with my father, or even in a joint household with my brother, I should be able to claim an abatement of income tax. As it is I have to pay 1s. 2d. in the pound for the "privilege" of living with my husband. And this in spite of the Married Women's Property Act! This is men's logic as regards the making of laws for women.

Some of us women think it is time we had a voice in the making and altering of these laws.

Yours sincerely

JANE S. THOMPSON.

THE WOMEN'S LEAGUE OF SERVICE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

31A Mortimer Street W.
31 October 1912.

SIR—May we draw the attention of your readers to the work of the Women's League of Service—a work that must appeal to every woman and child-lover? Though a women's League, its aim is Imperial, for the women of England are waking to the fact that the standard of the race generally is far below that possible to the English nation. One great reason for this, which has hitherto been overlooked, is the fact that during the period of child-bearing and nursing 30 per cent. of the mothers of England must necessarily be underfed. It is surely sufficient to point this out for all thoughtful people to recognise that babies are handicapped during the most formative period of life to an extent that can never be made up by after-care, how-

ever wise. We appeal to the women of England to join the League, the threefold aim of which is:

1. To feed ill-nourished mothers.
2. To befriend and instruct the ignorant.
3. To train social workers.

At each centre of the League a dining-room for expectant and nursing mothers is open daily at two o'clock, where nourishing meals are served at twopence per head (free for those who cannot pay). A group of voluntary visitors work under the supervision of a trained superintendent who is in touch with the medical officer of health and his health visitors, and the work is always done in friendly co-operation with every other society in the district which has the welfare of the people at heart. Centres in London have been in existence for two years, and these should be visited at the dinner hour by anyone interested in the scheme. They are: 26 Cumming Street, King's Cross; 366 Lisson Street, Marylebone; 188 Blythe Road, Hammersmith; and 111 Bridge Road West, Battersea. Anyone interested will gladly be supplied with full information on application to the Secretary, 31A Mortimer Street. We are anxious to enrol the names of many women, and we have work of so much variety to offer every willing helper that we are confident the women of England will not fail us.

Yours very truly

FLORENCE E. WILLEY,
BARBARA TCHAYKOVSKY,
Hon. Secs. Women's League of Service.

A LITTLE MISTAKE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR—I am very fond of the story of Dr. Johnson's apology to the printer, whom he had passionately accused of a mistake which turned out to be his own. "Mr. Compositor, I ask your pardon", said the dirty, untidy, but very fine gentleman. In my review of Lord Wolverhampton's life I am made to write that he was "differential" to Lord Randolph Churchill. I am loth to blame "Mr. Compositor" for what may have been a slip of my too cursive pen. In Henry Fowler's Free Trade ears the words differential and preferential were of odious import. I meant—and perhaps wrote—that Fowler was "deferential" to Lord Randolph Churchill, who was what Lucy Hutchinson would have called "a debosht young Cavalier", and whose conversation was probably the nearest approach to wickedness in the life of the old Puritan.

Yours faithfully

THE WRITER OF THE REVIEW.

SIMPLIFIED SPELLING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Simplified Speling Sosiety
44 Great Russell Street London W.C.

SIR—It was a real pleasure to read Mr. Filson Young's article on simplified spelling. He is a writer with a due sense of the things that matter and an opponent with whom we gladly have a bout. Against ignorance and abuse nothing really serves but silence; a courteous adversary commands and deserves a reply. Mr. Filson Young, in attempting to defend the present spelling, makes the not uncommon mistake of identifying spelling and language. He tells us that the spelling has "grown", that it contains "a record of the centuries of cultivation that evolved it", that the reformer is attempting "to accomplish by force that which time and growth should accomplish". The term "growth" may be applied to the spoken language, though even here it is often misleading. Had the spelling at every stage in the history of the language faithfully recorded the sounds, it might be said to have grown with it. Even a superficial acquaintance with the way in which the spelling has reached its present form shows that it in no way reflects the growth of our language. Our

speech has changed noticeably since the middle of the eighteenth century; our spelling is practically the same as in Dr. Johnson's dictionary. It was then that our spelling was fixed, in accordance with the decrees of a single man. The spirit of the living language he could not modify; but the printers of the letter yielded readily. The spelling he sanctioned in many cases represented a pronunciation dead two centuries or more; the spelling of these words had long ceased to grow. In what sense it can be maintained that our spelling has "grown" to its present form I fail to understand.

When Mr. Filson Young quotes the statement that by the adoption of a rational spelling a year or more of a child's education time would be saved, and proceeds to suggest that if our children take so long it is the fault of the teachers and that our spelling should and could be learnt by reading, I can only ask him to study the educational aspect more closely; to us it is of supreme importance. I believe that our teachers are not inferior to those of Germany and Italy; and Mr. J. H. Gladstone, in his book on "Spelling Reform", supplies evidence that the German child spends at least 1000 hours less in acquiring the spelling, and the Italian child at least 1250 hours less—a result directly attributable to the fact that the German spelling is in closer agreement with the sounds than the English, and that the Italian spelling is better still. As for the idea that reading alone suffices to teach our spelling, it is unfortunately the experience of our teachers that this is a delusion. The question has been dealt with in some detail by Dr. Wallin in his valuable monograph on "Spelling Efficiency".

When Mr. Filson Young attacks the scheme of the Simplified Spelling Society he wisely places his chief reliance on the "ugh" argument, or rather sentiment. It is easy to quote some words or a passage in simplified spelling and to say: "Now how do you like that? Pretty, isn't it?" We may ask: "Why should anything in the present spelling be regarded as 'pretty'?" Words derive such charm as they possess from having come to be recognised counters for the exchange of thought. We use them a great deal, and have got accustomed to their shape. Need that preclude the inquiry whether these are the best shapes possible? Mr. Filson Young, adopting in his playful way another metaphor, says: "How strange, also, to some naked man of the primeval world would seem a suit of clothes made by Poole, or indeed any clothes at all. So off with your clothes!" It is funny—but is it argument? The relation of our spelling to the spoken language is rather that of a suit made for a boy of twelve, but worn by a lad of seventeen.

Criticism of the scheme in detail is legitimate and is welcomed by those who framed it. It is as unreasonable to blame them for not successfully solving, at once, all the difficult problems with which they were confronted, as it would be arrogant for them to put forward the claim that they had done so. They desire discussion—above all, constructive criticism; and the scheme is serving this purpose admirably. Mr. Filson Young has referred to the problem that presents more difficulty than any other, the notation of the u sounds; we agree with him that a better solution is desirable, and we welcome any help towards that end. As for the choice of c or k, we must confess that the shape of k seemed to us less attractive than that of c, a feeling shared by many; but this was by no means the chief reason that decided us tentatively to recommend its use. The fact that c is considerably more common than k in our present spelling had far greater weight.

Mr. Filson Young is a master of words, and we shall always enjoy the skill with which he handles them; even though presented in the bad old spelling, we value them for their content. But he is also a man of shrewd common sense and of broad sympathies; and that makes us believe that he will recognise the reasonableness of our aims and the justice of our plea, even though his artistic soul be outraged by our uncouth spelling; "uncouth", after all, is just—unfamiliar.

WALTER RIPPMMANN.

REVIEWS.

A VICTIM OF "THE PHALANX".

"Life of William Earl of Shelburne." By Lord Fitzmaurice. (Second and Revised Edition.) In Two vols. London: Macmillan. 1912. 24s. net.

IN the eighteenth century the political "machine" was the phalanx of Whig families, sometimes called the Great Revolution families, who quarrelled bitterly with one another, but were always ready to combine against the King, the Tories, or any outsider, such as the nation. The Junta consisted chiefly of Cavendishes, Russells, Pelhams, and their kinsmen, Ponsonbys, Gowers, Spencers, Montagues. Into this ring the Walpoles, the Foxes and the Pitts pushed themselves by ability and became necessary to the system. Although born in the purple Lord Shelburne was against this system: he refused to play the game of politics as it was understood by Newcastle and Bute and Fox; he dared to think and act for himself, and he was at no pains to conceal his contempt for the pretentious ignorance of some, and the shameless cupidity of others. He was too important a person to be ignored or bullied; and therefore he was boycotted and traduced by the machine and its myrmidons. It was put about that he was not to be trusted; that he was a liar; "Malagrida", "the Jesuit of Berkeley Square", and Judas Iscariot were amongst the nicknames fastened on him by the runners and caricaturists of both parties. For it has to be said that Lord Shelburne quarrelled not only with the Whig machine, but with Bute and the King, over the prosecution of Wilkes, which he strongly opposed, as he did the Stamp Act. In short Lord Shelburne was not a party man; like Lord Halifax in the preceding century, he was a Trimmer; and like all political stragglers, he was fallen upon by both sides. It was owing to this independence, or, as some would call it, angularity of mind, that Lord Shelburne, whose master-passion was ambition, who was a politician to his finger-tips, and who entertained everybody whom he thought could be useful to him at Lansdowne House—as the mansion in Berkeley Square which he bought unfinished from Lord Bute came to be called—and at Bowood, was in the course of a long life barely three years in office. That Lord Shelburne was an original thinker is proved by the autobiography which Lord Fitzmaurice has rearranged since the first edition in 1876, and by the very interesting conversation with the younger Pitt in 1785, which appears for the first time in this edition, and is by itself a justification, if that were needed, for its publication. In his autobiography Lord Shelburne, amongst many shrewd and caustic appreciations of character, makes two observations on the history of the eighteenth century which are to us new, profound, and true. He says that the peace and prosperity of the reigns of the first two Georges were due not to the virtues of the Whigs, or the ability of Sir Robert Walpole, but to the existence of the Pretender, who had until 1745 a considerable Jacobite support in England and Scotland, and who thereby frightened the first two Guelphs from making any attempts at absolute monarchy. If Walpole had not been provided with this Jacobite bogey, Lord Shelburne more than hints that the House of Hanover would have been as arbitrary as the Stuarts. All that we have read of these two reigns, particularly Lord Hervey's memoirs, confirms this view. "God bless—there is no harm in blessing—the Pretender." But Lord Shelburne was acute enough to see the evil of the Hanoverian system of governing by the House of Commons, which none of his contemporaries saw, and 'few political philosophers to this day have perceived. "Governing by the House of Commons is, in fact, converting the Legislature into a false executive, and lays the foundation of a succession of parties and factions." Nearly all the evils of the party system, the power of a few individuals working through the machine, are due to

the confusion of the legislative with the executive power. The prizes awarded to success in the House of Commons are so enormous, wealth, patronage, rank, and professional promotion, that men sell their honesty and independence in their attempts to secure them, and stick at nothing in their desire to secure a majority there. If the executive were removed from the Legislature, as in the United States, the temptations to members of Parliament to part with their independence would be much lessened, if not destroyed. The autobiography closes with a reflexion on parties which is worthy of Halifax. "The worst of factions and parties is that the leader of a party is obliged to follow the prejudices of the moment, which are accidental, and must be suited to the level of the meanest capacity in order to take in numbers, which are always governed by passion, never by reason, and never fail to think the more violent counsels the best, and thus quickly lose all sense of reason." Lord Fitzmaurice sets forth in great detail, but with perfect impartiality, the discreditable series of intrigues which followed the sudden death of Lord Rockingham in 1782, and which resulted in the formation of Lord Shelburne's short Administration, its defeat by the infamous coalition of Fox and North under the dummy Duke of Portland, the expulsion of that combination by the King, and the accession of William Pitt to what proved to be a supremacy of eighteen years. When rogues fall out, honest men come by their own. The death-struggle between the Whigs and George III. unexpectedly ended by the foundation of the modern Conservative party under Chatham's son, aided as he was by Burke and the French Jacobins. Those who wish to realise the length to which the madness of party can run, and the depth of turpitude to which men like Fox, Burke, and Lord North could descend in their eagerness to enrich themselves, should read the story as written by Lord Shelburne's descendant, himself a politician and a man of letters. Short as it was, Lord Shelburne's Government concluded peace with America, and continued Burke's reform of the Civil Service, in the teeth of a storm of abuse, of which Burke himself was the loudest and foulest mouthpiece. With characteristic candour Lord Shelburne did not pretend that he liked the acknowledgment of American independence, which he spoke of as "a bitter pill" that must be swallowed. He said that England's sun had set, but that he intended to make good use of the twilight, so that it might rise again. The wanton interference of France in the war on the side of the colonists complicated the settlement, which was not assisted by the confusion produced by the coalition that drove Lord Shelburne out. The French fishermen were left certain shadowy, or rather watery, rights on the banks of Newfoundland, which occupied diplomats for the next hundred years, and were only settled by Lord Salisbury some sixteen years ago. Refreshing our memory of all these facts in Lord Fitzmaurice's luminous—and voluminous—pages, we cannot help saying that William Pitt treated Lord Shelburne as badly as any of his avowed enemies. Shelburne had been a consistent Chathamite: he had been Pitt's father's friend and admirer, when he was deserted by the Bloomsbury gang and the Grafton gang and the virtuous Rockinghamites. Shelburne had extended a warm welcome at Bowood to Chatham's son when he was a raw boy, a debating-society hero, fresh from Cambridge, and popped into a pocket borough. He had made the untried orator his Chancellor of the Exchequer at the age of twenty-three. Pitt repaid this devotion to his father and himself by absolutely ignoring Lord Shelburne when he formed his Government on the ruins of the Coalition. Lord Shelburne took the insult like a philosopher and a great nobleman. Without a trace of annoyance and with perfect dignity he accepted Pitt's offer of a marquise, coupled with the assurance that if the King should ever make any dukes outside the Royal family, Shelburne should be one. Lord Lansdowne even heaped coals of fire upon the head of the ungrateful boy by going to see him and giving him the benefit of his mature

advice upon the national finances, which Lord North and the King had reduced to a dangerous condition. Pitt talked of taxing transfers of land and mortgages. Lord Lansdowne pointed out that he might go to the root of the matter with no greater risk by establishing an income tax, and he urged the desirability of raising the duties on the licences of public-houses, whose number the country gentlemen would not reduce, though they were become a nuisance in the West of England. Thus Lord Lansdowne anticipated two of the most modern forms of taxation, which shows that he had thought out the problems of national finance. The young Prime Minister condescendingly promised to consider these suggestions, which he evidently did not think much of, for he turned the conversation to the follies of the Duke of Brunswick and the Rosicrucians. Of Shelburne's life at Bowood Bentham has given us a lively sketch in the preface to the "Fragment on Government" and in his diary at the end of Bowring's edition of his works, from both of which Lord Fitzmaurice quotes. Bentham gratefully acknowledges that Lord Shelburne picked him out of that slough of despond, Lincoln's Inn, and by carrying him off to Bowood made a man of him, and enabled him to become the political philosopher and reformer whom the nineteenth century was to know so well. Nothing proves Lord Shelburne's intellectuality in an age of ignorance and pretence more strikingly than the men whom he invited to stay at Bowood. Thither came Mirabeau, Dumont, the Abbé Morellet, Vergennes and Rayneval from France, Bentham, Price, Priestley, Benjamin Vaughan, young Pitt and his brother Chatham, Dunning, and Camden, besides a host of others from all quarters of the globe. Whoever had done or written or said anything of interest, or had any news of the world of politics or letters or science to impart, was a welcome guest at Bowood. Shelburne was conscious of the defective education which is the lot of most aristocrats—for there is a compensating balance in the world—but his intellectual curiosity was keen; and instead of surrounding himself with toadies and buffoons and trainers, like many of his brother peers, he chose for his associates men from whom he could learn something. Bentham complained that there was a prodigious deal of ambiguity in his patron's political talk, and that he suffered from a want of clear-headedness. Lord Shelburne was not likely to discuss high politics with an outsider like Bentham in other than general terms, and we may be sure there was no ambiguity when he talked politics with Barré or Dunning or Camden. Bentham once wrote Lord Shelburne a very foolish and impertinent letter, sixty-four pages long, complaining that one of the pocket boroughs had been filled by someone less clever than himself. Lord Shelburne put the philosopher in his place by a reply which is a model of good humour, dignity, and point, and in which there is assuredly no ambiguity or want of clear-headedness. In a famous chapter of "Sibyl" Disraeli speaks of Shelburne as "the ablest and most accomplished Minister of the eighteenth century", and complains that we know so little about him. Some answer to that complaint is made by the second edition of Lord Fitzmaurice's valuable and most interesting biography.

RECOLLECTIONS GOOD AND BAD.

"German Memories." By Sidney Whitman. London: Heinemann. 1912. 7s. 6d.

THIS is a most exasperating book. It begins delightfully with a series of essays on Mr. Whitman's school-days in Saxony and business journeys in Silesia. These chapters, we are told in the preface, "form a background to the main body of the book". Unhappily the main body of the book is unworthy of these chapters. It consists of a number of very scrappy little essays about individuals, and reaches its depths in the account of King Charles of Roumania. Here are the final sentences. "On my return to England I heard

from an indirect source that had I been able to stay in Bucharest a couple of days longer the King had intended to invite me to accompany him down the Danube in a festive progress of the Royal Family, which was to begin on the following Thursday and extend as far as the Black Sea. When I wrote to thank the King for his kind reception I also expressed my disappointment that I had missed such a favourable opportunity of seeing the country. I received a gracious letter of acknowledgment, followed by the Grand Commander's Cross and Star of the Order of the Crown of Roumania." (The capitals are Mr. Whitman's.) Now this is the sort of stuff which we should expect from the collector of gossip who ends a useless life by publishing a book of memoirs. But from Mr. Whitman, who has so much of interest to relate and so much of importance to say, it is really too bad. He deserves to be rapped severely on the knuckles.

So far as we can make out, Mr. Whitman began to write reminiscences, found that discretion would not allow him to publish all he could write, and made up his book by padding. It would have been better if he had published only his first twelve chapters, for these chapters cannot be praised too highly. Even those who know Germany thoroughly can read them with profit, as well as with pleasure. Mr. Whitman begins by giving us a picture of his school-days at the Vitzthum Gymnasium in Dresden. It is an admirable piece of work absolutely free from that sentimentality in which most men feel at liberty to indulge when writing of their boyhood. It is also of great historical interest. For the impulse which carried Germany from 1806 to 1870 was derived from the schools and the universities. In these days when Radicals who know nothing about it are continually harping on the growth of the social democracy it is well to remember that Germany was made by her gentlemen, not by her people. Mr. Whitman has given us an admirable account of the spirit prevailing in one of the great gymnasia, and by doing so has helped us to understand how Bismarck was able to work a miracle in eight years.

Equally interesting is the description of the glass-works at Schreiberhau, in Prussian Silesia. In Mr. Whitman's account may be found the explanation of Germany's wonderful industrial progress. The fame of Schreiberhau is, indeed, no longer great, but the fame of Essen is greater than ever, and both are part of the same story. We see how industry was carried on not only in a temper of zeal, but in a spirit of affection. That spirit has not survived Marx and his disciples. But it is nevertheless true that it was by the combination of the North German organising power with the South German sense of brotherhood that Germany was first enabled to make her bid for a share in the world's commerce.

Of the essays on persons the best are those on Bismarck and Moltke. Here Mr. Whitman's power of describing exactly what happened without any subsequent "writing up" is most effective. That quality makes his writing real, but we fancy that there is a good deal of art behind it. Not all the volumes of Poschinger, for example, reveal the real Bismarck more adequately than the bit of his table-talk that Mr. Whitman gives us. "If I had to choose the form in which I should prefer to live again", he said, "I am not so sure that I should not like to be an ant. You see", he added, "that little insect lives under conditions of perfect political organisation. Every ant is obliged to work—to lead a useful life; everyone is industrious; there is perfect subordination, discipline, and order. They are happy, for they work." For this, and for the companion picture of Moltke wondering how it was that an Englishman could write a really true book about the Prussian Army, we are honestly grateful. But why did Mr. Whitman make our gratitude evaporate by these dreadful "fills-up"? Almost it seems as if he does not know how good are his unpretentious passages.

THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE.

"*Marriage in Church and State.*" By T. A. Lacey.
(Library of Historic Theology.) London: Scott.
1912. 5s. net.

WE wish that our limits of space would permit us to discuss every chapter of Mr. Lacey's valuable book. It throws a flood of light on the theological and legal aspects of the marriage contract in every age of Christianity; and its appearance is specially opportune, since it comes close on the publication of the report of the Divorce Commission. It will, we trust, find many readers, especially among lawyers and politicians. The book is the work of a loyal High Churchman, but of a Churchman who sees the question not only as the Anglican but also as the Roman Catholic, Calvinist and secularist see it, and who is anxious to find an eireneicon. When we think of the judgment of the House of Lords in the *Banister v. Thompson* case and of the reception accorded to the *Ne Temere* decree we fear that Mr. Lacey is too sanguine in his hope that the State, especially in this country, will, except as the result of a long struggle, allow the Church on this question to enforce its discipline on its own members. We feel with him however that until this solution is reached peace is impossible. For the moment the great need is to impress on the educated public the theological meaning of marriage. It is, explains Mr. Lacey, alike in the law of nature and grace the exclusive union "*unius cum sola*", and to allow remarriage after divorce is to allow polygamy, which is hostile to the well-being of the race since it "destroys the mutuality of right and duty on which the union of husband and wife properly rests". Even if the parties to a marriage be separated, death alone can break the vinculum which unites them. While we feel that Mr. Lacey makes out a good case for indissoluble monogamy as the law of nature, we think that some of his readers will regret that he does not discuss at greater length the recognition given to polygamy in the Old Dispensation. Seeing however that Christianity clearly postulates monogamy, the question is only of academical importance. But we must turn to our author's historical chapters. When S. Paul as prophet proclaimed the Divine Law and as legislator for the Church of Corinth gave his own commandments, the history of the Canon Law of Marriage commenced, and its whole code is potentially, as our author shows, contained in S. Ignatius' words: "It is proper for those intermarrying to effect their union under the bishop, that their marriage may be after the Lord and not after their own lust". From the first we see the Christian Church enforcing through its penitential discipline its own marriage code on its children. At the same time Mr. Lacey shows us that in matters where morality was not involved a certain deference was paid to the State's marriage law. Strong objection, for instance, was taken to the action of Callistus, who allowed Christian women of high rank to intermarry with slaves. It naturally followed that when the Roman Empire became Christian the civil law of marriage was modified in a Christian sense; but the process was a slow one, and neither the legislation of the Theodosian Emperors nor of Justinian entirely identified the Imperial law of marriage with the doctrine or discipline of the Church. In the early days of the seventh century Gregory the Great told Augustine of Canterbury that the secular laws of the Roman State allowed marriages of which the Church could not approve. But the Church's own system was already showing signs of variance in East and West. Long before the great schism, the Council of Trullo in 692 had laid down the lines on which the marriage law of Eastern Christendom and Russia has developed. In 893 a marriage blessed by the Church became for the Eastern Empire the only lawful form of marriage at civil law. It is often said that the Greek Church recognises the right of divorced people to remarry. Mr. Lacey explains its attitude on the question. When a divorce is granted there is no pretence that the marriage has

been dissolved. "The bond remains and the parties are not set free to contract another marriage at pleasure; but the ecclesiastical authority can give a licence to marry in spite of this impediment, and it seems to be granted pretty freely to those who ask."

In the West the marriage law has a different history. In all countries acknowledging the Papal jurisdiction marriage passes under the control of the Church and is regulated by the Canon Law. In other words, the Church has imposed its disciplinary system of marriage on the whole of Western Europe. But in so doing it has weakened its moral witness. As legislator and judge it has sacrificed the care of souls to social order. It never allows that a marriage can be dissolved; but the intricacy of its rules as to impediments makes numberless marriages to be nullities in the eyes of its canonists. The failure of the Church is illustrated by the fact that the Spirituality of England honestly believed Henry VIII. to have been entitled to the annulment of his marriage with Katharine of Aragon.

Black as is the picture that the late Middle Ages present, the Reformation adds little save fresh confusion to the marriage law of Western Christendom. Lutheranism treats marriage as a civil contract, and it gives its control to the secular prince. Calvin is more logical. He agrees with Luther that it is for the civil ruler to administer the marriage law, provided that the law which he administers is the law of God proclaimed in the New Testament. Under the influence of the jurists of Leiden Calvinism developed a marriage law based on what it deemed New Testament principles for the United Provinces and Scotland, a code which had its merits but which is vitiated by its illogical view that the marriage tie is dissolved by adultery. Meanwhile in England, in spite of the Reformation, marriage remains under the control of the ecclesiastical courts, but these courts are themselves now subject to the law of King and Parliament. It is not however until the seventeenth century that the Legislature in Lord Ross' case introduces the evil precedent of the dissolution of a marriage by an Act of Parliament; and it is only in the eighteenth century that Lord Hardwicke's Act makes marriages not contracted in parish churches, with a few exceptions, null and void, thus sweeping away the fundamental idea of the Middle Ages that the validity of marriage rests on the consent of the parties. In this legislation Church and State co-operate, for the English, under the influence of Hooker's teaching, alone among the nations of Western Europe still cling to the idea that the Commonwealth is a body politic in which Church and State are indissolubly united. The idea survives the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, the institution of civil marriage and even the Divorce Act of 1857. The difficulty of the problem that confronts us to-day arises from the fact that a public too muddleheaded to realise that State and Church are no longer two aspects of the same society regards the clergyman who obeys the Church's canons as the insubordinate servant of the civil power.

But it is not only in the lands that have abjured the Papacy that the Reformation epoch is followed by a modification of the marriage law. The Council of Trent, which has anticipated Lord Hardwicke's legislation in the *Tametsi* decree (which makes the presence of a priest necessary for the validity of a marriage), sings the true swan song of the Middle Ages, for it marks the last effort of the Church to make laws for a united Christendom. Soon the Jesuits of the counter-Reformation are explaining the nature of the Church as a *societas perfecta* independent of the civil ruler, while the "Politiques" in France are demonstrating that the State is independent of the Church. True the Bourbons leave the nominal control of marriage relations to the Church courts; but the lawyers none the less insist that the contract of marriage, as distinguished from the Sacrament, is a temporal matter subject to the civil law, a view which the Parliament of Paris sternly enforces. Then in the eighteenth century the legislation of Joseph II. popularises the idea of civil marriage, while the marriage laws of the French Revolution and

of the Napoleonic Empire introduce into Catholic lands the modern conception of divorce as the destruction of the vinculum of marriage. It is significant that during the whole period of the First Empire marriage is by law dissolvable by mutual consent, an outrage on Christianity to which even the present French Republic has not yet risen.

To restore to the Church even in Catholic Europe its mediæval control of the marriage law would be neither possible nor desirable. The moral which Mr. Lacey draws for Christendom at large is that which he draws for England—that the Church should (while treating the State's law with respect and obeying it in matters when obedience is possible without the sacrifice of Christian duty) seek only to secure the right to maintain over her members her own laws, and he believes that in the *Ne Temere* decree the Papacy has taken an important step in this direction. For unlike the "*Tametsi*" of the Council of Trent, the *Ne Temere* excludes from the marriages which it disallows those of the "*acatholici*" (that is those who do not accept the Papal jurisdiction, whether or not they have been baptised). Although the Pope classes among his spiritual subjects for this purpose those who have at any time held the faith of Rome, the decree seems an implicit abandonment of the old claim of the Papacy to legislate for Christendom. Yet the reception which the decree has met from British and Irish Protestants no less than the difficulties of its application in the case of mixed marriages proves how arduous a task it will be to effect that solution of the problem which both Mr. Lacey and we ourselves desire.

"ADNAM'S ORCHARD."

"*Adnam's Orchard.*" By Sarah Grand. London: Heinemann. 1912. 6s.

IT must be conceded to Mrs. Grand that she does not stint her canvas. She may fail in the production of her picture, but at least she gives in mere superficialities a full measure. She aims at depicting an entire countryside, from the duke in his castle down, through the squire, the rector, the yeoman to the publican, the labourer and the tramp; and she intends, it is evident, to do it thoroughly, since after a close printed volume of nearly seven hundred pages we are met by an announcement that the prologue is ended, and realise that the scene has merely been set for the story that is to follow. One cannot but admire the courage of such a conception even while we realise that though it may be well suited to the author's methods, its amplitude is a fatal encouragement to that discursiveness which goes so far to mar her real talent as a narrator. It is moreover in such a wide field that her particular egoism most reveals its weakness. Creative ability is essential if so varied a world is to be peopled with any semblance to reality, and a complete impartiality in designation must be observed. But Mrs. Grand is in no sense creative, and she is not sufficiently impartial to make even an accurate copy. The result is that the wider the scene the further she is forced to spread her own personality, and the more unpleasantly conscious we become of the extent to which her puppets have been "faked" in order to make them contribute effectively to the presentment of her ideas. The "faking" may possibly be quite unconscious: it is a defect of her vision, and of most honourable intentions to be of service to her kind. Her temperament, however valuable to a reformer, is the very worst for an artist, and the desire to alter almost everything to her conception of the profitable is of direct disservice to the seeing of things as they are.

The dissertations in the book on more subjects than one can remember would, if excised, render what is left of it considerably more wieldy, though the mere omission might not suffice to improve it as a work of art. It is not so much the book which is hampered by its superfluous matter as the writer's mind; it is there that the mischief is done, and that the distortions are engendered. The desire to preach sermons on

heredity, intensive culture, spiritualism, education, music, social science, radicalism, women's rights, the governing classes, and a dozen other blood-heating subjects is a terrible equipment for any but a pamphleteer. In a novel written with such a desire it is vain to expect the dispassionate assessment of anything as it is; the characters are all pressed into the preacher's service, and are either exhibiting her preconceptions or adding an amen to her conclusions. Mrs. Grand is clever enough and earnest enough to render such a process interesting, and her cleverness makes us the more regret that it is so often employed in weakening the illusion of reality by a too obvious manipulation of her material. There are quite a number of people in the story one would have liked to believe in, the women especially, but there is not one that is not robbed didactically of tactical humanity in order to become strategically impressive. To this may, in a measure, be attributed the failure to produce a sense of unity on the big canvas. Each group exists apart, in spite of a careful artificial linking together of interests and relationship, and the individuals in each group are similarly dis severed. Personal absurdities often tend to make a character coherent, but Mrs. Grand always seems to lay stress on those which have an opposite tendency, as when she uses flighty little Lena as an instrument for Christian teaching, or saddles the grave Mrs. Pratt with spiritistic superstitions.

But the disability from which most the author suffers she has summed up in a sentence. "All of which, being obvious, clamours for instant expression." In this book are many efforts to present forcibly things that are worth saying, but it is this clamorous insistence on the obvious that spoils it. There may be those to whom Mrs. Grand's multifarious propaganda may seem original and impressive, and the book appear as a storehouse of audacious thought. They will be more fortunate than others to whom a second-hand enthusiasm makes no appeal, or who have already turned the flank of most of her propositions. In spite of that one must pay a tribute to a personality which contrives to be detaining in spite of pleonastic excesses and creative failure. These at least bear witness to an alert and interested outlook on humanity, and if that be already at some distance from the van, the difference may prove an advantage in attracting the attention of readers who are still further from it.

LAW BOOKS.

"*The New Land Taxes and their Practical Application.*" By T. B. Napier. Second Edition. London: Stevens and Sons. 1912. 18s.

The first edition of this book was published in 1910, and it was one of the causes to which Dr. Bateman Napier owed the County Court Judgeship which he received soon after its publication. It is very rarely that such a reward follows legal authorship. Dr. Napier was a supporter of the Government, but this fact does not appear in this purely professional treatise. In the Preface which he wrote for the first edition he spoke of the difficulties of successfully framing Acts of Parliament dealing with the mysteries of Conveyancing Law. "But", he said, "when behind the technicalities of a Bill great principles are believed to be at stake which excite the utmost passions of party, those difficulties are multiplied a hundredfold." This amounts to saying of the whole Act what a King's Counsel said of the title, the Finance (1909-10) Act, 1910, that it is barbarous; and all the faults of badly drawn Acts are to be found in it. Unfortunately, Dr. Napier has been prevented by illness from writing a preface to the second edition and summing up the results of experience under the Act, with a comparison between his first tentative and hazardous constructions of the sections and the actual decisions since. The book is otherwise in all respects now brought up to date, and is one of the most authoritative of text-books on an Act which confers on the legal profession as great a boon as it has ever received from any Government.

"*Goodeve's Modern Law of Personal Property.*" Fifth Edition. By John Herbert Williams and William Morse Crowdy. London: Sweet and Maxwell. 1912. 20s.

With "*Goodeve's Modern Law of Real Property*" and "*Goodeve's Modern Law of Personal Property*" in his

possession the reader, whether a professional student of law or an ordinary educated person who desires to understand the principles of our law of property, has the key to both. In looking over this fifth edition, which has been carefully revised and brought up to date by the editors, the lucidity, conciseness and carefulness of its statements and its appreciation of points which may mislead have struck us as very noticeable. Thus in regard to those thorny subjects of possession and bailment we notice the following typical passage: "In many of the reported cases and text-books there is a little confusion of language against which the student must be on his guard". Then follows an explanation by reference to the former action of trespass. So, also, there is a confusion as to "qualified ownership" or "special property" and "general ownership" or "general property" which is cleared up by a similar reference. This edition has been largely re-written on account of new statutes relating to marine insurance, trade-marks, designs, patents, companies, and copyright. All the modern subjects of personal property are treated here sufficiently for the student, and the practitioner by reference to it will find a clue to whatever he may further require.

"The Law of Negotiable Securities." By William Willis. Third Edition. By Joseph Hurst. London: Stevens and Haynes. 1912. 7s. 6d.

Since the second edition of these, we might say famous, six lectures of which this book is composed, delivered at the request of the Council of Legal Education, their able and original author has died. Mr. Joseph Hurst, who is well known as the senior editor, with Lord Robert Cecil, of "Principles of Commercial Law", has edited this third edition without altering its scope by attempting to turn it into a formal text-book. This is to exercise a wise and pious discretion, for the lectures were characteristic of their author, and they should long keep him in the memory of the profession after his own generation, who smiled at and yet admired and respected him, is no more. The "gentlemen of England" who were not lawyers used to learn their law from Blackstone; so we should say that any of this class who want to know about negotiable securities—and who does not when commercial interest is greater among them than their former Justice of the Peace interests?—should read Willis, who is "elementary" in the legal sense, as befitted a lecturer to an audience of law and commercial students, and yet learned though popular in style.

"An Epitome of Railway Law." By Ernest Edwin George Williams. London: Stevens and Haynes. 1912. 5s. net.

It was a bold conception of Mr. Williams to epitomise Railway Law into "a book small enough for the pocket when going into Court, but yet by economy of language, full enough to explain, or indicate the explanation of, the multifarious points of law affecting railway companies and their relations with the public". Strictly understanding railway law as concerned with the carriage of goods and passengers under the common law and under statute, Mr. Williams' attempt may be admitted to be very successful; and it is a good introduction to the subject for law students, or for railway officials, or any member of the public who, as passenger or trader, has any concern with the subject. The book should appeal to a large class of readers, as it deals ably with subjects of every-day occurrence, and opens up an interesting chapter in the State control of trading enterprises.

"Limited Liability Companies." [By J. Ashton Cross. London: Simpkins. 1912. 10s. 6d.

This book has many features of originality and striking value. For a complete working treatise on Company Law it is remarkable in its conciseness. This conciseness is obtained in the first place by a rigid adherence to the aim of making it thoroughly practical; and in this Mr. Ashton Cross shows the hand of the vigorous, keen, masterful expert, rejoicing in his ready acquaintance with company work in Court and Chambers. His cases are not reaped with the mere desire to make a complete list of everything that has been before the Courts, which is often the craze of the laborious theoretical compiler. Mr. Cross has selected his cases with an eye to their practical importance, and there is no superfluity. The same actuality is conspicuous in the statement of the principles of the law and their working, primarily for the use of students, secondarily as a commentary and refresher of the memory for the company lawyer. Mr. Cross claims that a similar statement is not to be found elsewhere; and this very probably is true. The inexperienced student is lost in company law if he does not understand the kind of business operations which take place, such as the ways of promoters and syndicates in forming companies. All this kind of information Mr. Ashton Cross supplies from his experience. Precedents, forms, rules, orders are given with the same

thorough understanding of what is required; and as the finishing touch of originality, and a boon which lawyers will appreciate, Mr. Cross promises to purchasers each year for three years a printed list of corrections and additions to keep the book up to date. We cannot say that Mr. Cross' book gains anything by printing the cases in the Index. It is a novel feature in law books; but Mr. Cross' pride in the completeness of his Index—a very laudable one too—has misled him.

"A Short History of English Law." By Edward Jenks. London: Methuen. 1912. 10s. 6d. net.

"The Genius of the Common Law." By Sir Frederick Pollock. Columbia University Press. 1912. 6s. 6d. net.

Maitland and Pollock's well-known history, and Dr. Holdsworth's three volumes, which have not yet completely dealt with their subject, besides being incomplete, are too voluminous for the purposes of ordinary student reading, or for the unprofessional educated reader who desires only an intelligent knowledge of the whole course of British legal history from the earliest times to the present day. Mr. Jenks is the Director of Legal Studies of the Law Society, and the history of his book is that he was asked ten years ago by the present publishers to write a one-volume history. It would have been rather premature then, but much legal scholarship in the intervening period has been devoted to the investigation of the sources with all the aid of modern criticism. Dr. Holdsworth's history from the sixteenth century as yet is unpublished, but Mr. Jenks has taken up the story since; and Dr. Holdsworth has, in a sense, collaborated by reading the proofs. No book could have better credentials; and we may say, especially of the more recent part containing the modern changes in the land laws and other substantive laws and in legal procedure, that it is an excellent survey for any class of reader. Of Sir Frederick Pollock's book it is only needful to say that if the reader knows Mr. Jenks' book, or in any other manner has acquired some knowledge and feeling for English law, Sir Frederick's "Genius of the Common Law" will charm him with the art by which it creates an atmosphere of literature and culture about legal history and legal concepts. The book consists of eight Carpentier Lectures delivered in the Columbia University.

"The Law Relating to Betting Offences." By Huntly Jenkins, F. W. Morley and E. J. Purchase. London: Stevens and Sons. 1912. 5s.

It is very rare that so small a law book as this has a triple authorship. Moreover, it is among those equally rare law books that are not designed for barristers, or solicitors, or students alone, but quite as much for others who may be interested from any point of view in betting. The subject has peculiar complexity, and yet it enters so largely into everyday personal and social life that for a book so legal and yet so popularly written as this we should anticipate a sale far beyond legal bounds. Everything is to be found here relating to betting. All the important cases are given; the history is explained as preliminary to the Acts; and the extracts from the judgments in such cases as *Hawke v. Dunn* and *Powell v. Kempton Park Racecourse Company* are at such length as to make not only instructive but amusing reading. We cannot better describe the book than as one that appeals to lawyers and to men of the world, whether they are lawyers or laymen.

THE NOVEMBER REVIEWS.

Events in South-East Europe have moved so fast that the monthly reviewer was in no way prepared for them. Hence, though the war in the Balkans began on 16 October, the November reviews discuss a situation which is already history. Sir Edwin Pears writes in the "Contemporary" of "The Crisis in Turkey", and regards war as "almost inevitable"; in the same Review we have Dr. Dillon, who knew that the war had started but had no idea which way its fortunes would go. He therefore talks of impotent diplomacy, of journalistic ignorance which charges Russia and Austria with intrigue and of the prospects of a speedy peace. Mr. J. S. Mitra in the "Nineteenth Century" seizes the opportunity to warn England that she must readjust her relations with Hindu and Moslem if she would be free to assert herself in Europe. Mr. Mitra is a Hindu, and he suggests that British diplomats must take steps to have the Hindu on their side if the Turks should force a critical situation upon England. Mr. Ellis Barker, who seems to have an article ready for every crisis, economic, national, or international, says in the "Fortnightly" that if the war should end Turkish rule in Europe a European war will only be avoided by a partition which would give Constantinople to Russia and Salonika to Austria-Hungary.

Mr. H. Charles Woods follows Mr. Barker with an account of "the reorganised Turkish Army". When Mr. Woods wrote he said it remained to be proved whether the new Turkish Army would be able to accomplish the heavy task which the Government had thrown upon it; almost before the article appeared the army, created by the "drastic reforms" of the Young Turks, had gone down before the Allies. Of two articles on Montenegro one, in the "Fortnightly", is by Mr. Herbert Vivian, who says that Montenegro's crying need is a railway which shall connect her with the European system; the other, in the "Nineteenth Century", is by Mr. Wadham Peacock, who tells us that the separation of Montenegro and Servia can only be a temporary arrangement. "King Nicolas' ambition is not to reign at Constantinople, which the ancient Czars never held, but to make a Servian Empire with most probably Scodra, the old Czarigrad, miscalled Scutari, as its capital." Major-General W. G. Knox in the "Nineteenth Century" describes the adventures of a subaltern—himself—in the Russo-Turkish War of thirty-five years ago, and concludes that "a brand-new Christian kingdom must be carved out of Turkey in Europe".

The Duke of Westminster writes in the "Nineteenth Century" of "Practical Imperialism". He begins with our need for centralisation of defence: "We cannot safely rely for the defence of the Empire on the present loose arrangements between Great Britain and the Dominions. The Empire requires for its security an Imperial Army and an Imperial Fleet, paid for out of an Imperial Exchequer, and controlled and directed by an Imperial Government. The defence of the Empire must be organised. But only the unification of the Empire will make possible the creation of an adequate organisation". The only possible machinery for this centralisation, concludes the Duke, is Tariff Reform. Another side of the Imperial question is touched on by Mr. A. G. Gardiner in the "Fortnightly". Mr. Gardiner follows Mr. Churchill in his plan of Imperial Government until it comes to the breaking up of England. "It is here", says Mr. Gardiner, "that Mr. Churchill departs from the plain line of thought. The unity of Scotland, Wales, and Ireland he sees. Here are clear spheres for national Parliaments. But England is different. England is too big. It is not a parliamentary unit. It must be broken up into fragments, each with a Parliament of its own. There is to be a Parliament for Lancashire and a Parliament for Yorkshire, and one for the Midland Counties and one for London, and one or two in the West—and so on. In all this it is difficult to find any principle at work. Nottingham has no interest in common with Birmingham which it does not share with the rest of the country. York has much more affinity with Exeter than it has with Bradford or Halifax. The operations of these little Parliaments would not subserve any national tradition". Mr. Gardiner's criticism of Mr. Churchill's heptarchic idea is just; and it is curious to

(Continued on page 588.)

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observe how he refuses to apply to the Government's Home Rule plan, which he accepts, the same principles whereby he destroys the plan of Mr. Churchill, which he rejects.

The Government's difficulty with Ulster is strongly underlined by Mr. Cope Cornford in the "National". Mr. Cornford has very recently returned from Ulster. He has formed his ideas on the spot, and knows that the imminence of civil war is not a political fancy. He here describes a meeting of the Unionists, and how it ended: "The lecturer invited questions. After a pause, a huge man in working clothes, an ex-soldier, said: 'When are we going to have rifles? Are we to be shot down like dogs and not shoot in reply? When are we going to have rifles?' Instantly every face lit, and every eye glared upon the chairman. It was the only question in their minds. It is the only question now". An equally vigorous "National" article appears anonymously upon the "Radical Plutocracy". It is a study in Radical principles as practised by successful Liberals; and helps us considerably to understand why successful Liberals are unable to appreciate how great will be their difficulty in overcoming the principles of the Irish Unionists.

Mr. F. E. Smith, writing on "State Toryism and Social Reform" in the "Oxford and Cambridge Review", opposes both Individualism and Socialism. The essence of Tory Social Reform, he says, is "the study of the real aptitudes of the people. It is, precisely, here that Individualism and Socialism fail alike". Mr. Smith would give nine out of ten men the security they want and the tenth man the opportunity he desires. "Security of tenure in all classes of life where such tenure is not a national evil: that is the doctrine of Toryism. Opportunity for talent to develop its own potentialities and the resources of the nation where such a development is to the advantage of the State: that is the doctrine of Toryism."

Mrs. Sturge Gretton in the "Contemporary" writes very truly of the letters of Meredith: "One thing these volumes make very clear is that violence—violations almost—of expression were natural to Meredith. They occur in these letters at points where affectation is out of the question, and where to most men of sensitiveness in the least comparable to his, they would have been impossible. These points are at the heart of his life". It seems impossible to exhaust the interest of these letters. Every reader finds a new facet of the writer to present and to admire.

Halfpenny criticism of the theatre is bad; penny criticism is worse; and it seems that criticism at a shilling or half-a-crown is worst of all. Mr. J. E. Harold Terry writes of "A Winter's Tale" at the Savoy in the "Oxford and Cambridge". However, it appears almost too late to do Mr. Granville Barker any very great harm, otherwise we should have much to say in the behalf of that Mr. Barker. Shakespeare may reasonably be left in the care of the Professors. Pardon Mr. Frank Harris, we prefer the Professors to Mr. J. E. Harold Terry.

THE QUARTERLIES.

Both the "Quarterly" and the "Edinburgh" devote lengthy and useful articles to the presidential election in the United States; though the election is over, these articles may be studied for the light they throw on the political, economic, and personal events which led up to the Republican débâcle. Perhaps the moral may be summed up in the "Edinburgh" phrase that "with the era of great industrial trusts that began when the United States Steel Corporation was organised in 1901, and with the consequent almost general deposition of the individual manufacturer in favour of the promoter and financier of trusts, the tariff contingent of the big business interests began to overplay the game". The campaign, says the "Quarterly", will leave indelible marks on the American people, though apparently "the indelible marks" are not expected to be very deep. "The electorate has become more and more sceptical as to the honesty of party professions, and perceives with a profound sense of chagrin that it matters little what promises are made; after elections the money power, the 'invisible party', will be found in the ascendant." Another question discussed in both reviews—by Professor J. S. Nicholson in the "Quarterly" and by Mr. Harold Cox in the "Edinburgh"—is that of the rise in prices. It is a question that presses on certain classes in the United States, with all their prosperity, not less sharply than on the people of Europe. What Professor Nicholson calls "the revised version of the quantity theory" connecting supplies of gold with recent prices is rejected by both. Mr. Harold Cox seems to think the increase in the outlay on the "extras" of life—better furniture, motor cars, theatres, golf, football, and "such doubtful luxuries as Government inspectors and Insurance Commissioners"—has involved a decline in the output of

foodstuffs and raw materials. "The primary requisites of life and industry, produced largely by hard human labour, have tended to grow dearer; the 'extras', produced mostly by machinery, have grown cheaper."

In the "Quarterly" appears a strong article on the Ulster Covenant which will be read with mixed feelings by Unionists: the reviewer is of opinion that Ulster should wait till she is oppressed under Home Rule before preparing to take up arms? Mr. Sidney Low, in the "Edinburgh", writing on "Mr. Balfour in his Study", does not touch politics, but treats his subject from the philosophic point of view. The political contribution to the "Edinburgh" is supplied by Mr. Arthur A. Baumann, who is in his happiest vein in showing how "history testifies unmistakably and unanimously to the passion of democracies for incompetence". He thinks the Liberal party will be the obedient servant of the Labour-Socialist leaders till the last penny has been squeezed out of the landowner, when the turn of the shareholder and the financier will come. When under a Labour-Socialist régime all indirect taxation is abolished, a 5s. in the pound income-tax will be necessary to run the State. The case for Tariff Reform could hardly be put more concisely than that.

Perhaps the most important article in the "Church Quarterly Review" is that on the Banister-Thompson case and the Deceased Wife's Sister Act of 1907. The writer labours hard to show that all that has been determined by the case is that a marriage now civilly permitted cannot be said to constitute such evil life as justifies a parish priest in repelling from Communion. Still the cruel fact remains; the Act solemnly promised that no clergyman was to be punished for doing that which he might lawfully have done had it not been passed; Canon Thompson would have been bound, the day before it was passed, to repel Mr. and Mrs. Banister from Communion, and he is now condemned for doing that which it was his duty to do. This is the Church's case against the State; and it is a poor rejoinder for the State to complain that the Church has only one penalty—excommunication—for all offences, great or small. Dr. Burney returns to the charge against Professor Kennett's theory of Maccabean prophecies in the second part of Isaiah, and he certainly makes out a strong case for the older view. Prebendary Faussett supplies English readers with a careful criticism of Eucken's religious position; and Dr. Frere contributes an article on the Reconstruction of Worship, which is little more than a review of the new Prayer-book Dictionary.

In addition to its ordinary able book reviews, the "Law Quarterly Review" (Stevens and Sons, 5s.) has two special reviews in the form of articles: one by Mr. A. V. Dicey K.C. on the fifth edition of Westlake's "Private International Law", in which he discusses the influence of Westlake on the enormous development of that branch of law in England. The other is an appreciation by Professor Courtney Kenny of Mr. Jenks' recently published excellent "Short History of English Law". The second of several articles by Syed H. R. Abdul Majid, entitled "A Historical Study of Mohammedan Law", deals with the legal view of the Caliphate, a very topical subject when the position of the Turkish Sultan amongst Mohammedans might become of particular importance. In connexion with this, an article on "Judicial Legislation in Egypt", by Mr. Norman Bentwich, should be read. Mr. Julius Hirschfeld has an article on "Legal Procedure in Anglo-German Cases", and discusses a memorandum prepared by the Council of the Berlin mercantile community at the request of the London Chamber of Commerce proposing improvements in the law and practice arising out of the enormous and ever-growing trade between the two countries.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 1er Novembre.

We are glad in this number to find M. de Sizeranne writing again on artistic subjects. It appears that the place of La Gioconda at the Louvre has been filled by Raphael's portrait of Balthazar Castiglione, the author of "Il Cortegiano". Castiglione, the friend of Raphael, was the quintessence of the Renaissance in its noblest aspect. He saw everything and knew everybody. He saw the meeting at Milan of Louis XII. and Cæsar Borgia; he saw Julius II. enter the breach at Mirandola; he was with Leo X. and his cardinals when they hunted at Corneto, and he was in the company of the same Pope when he was reading Luther's first work against the Church. He was with Charles V. when he heard of the sack of Rome, and took the challenge from him to Francis I. Who else ever lived so familiarly among such actors at such an epoch of the world's history?

ERRATUM.—"First Year at the Organ." By Percy Buck.—This book should have been noticed as published at 2s. net by Messrs. Macmillan.

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COMMENTS OF THE WEEK.
FOREIGN AFFAIRS: SOME PROPHECIES.
THE AMAZING SAMUEL.
SONNET. By G. K. CHESTERTON.
LEX V. THE POOR. By ADVOCATUS PAUPERIS.
THE SUMMING-UP. I. THE CASE OF THE MARCONI CONTRACT
By JUNIUS.
CAPTAINS OF FINANCE. By NORMAN KEITH.
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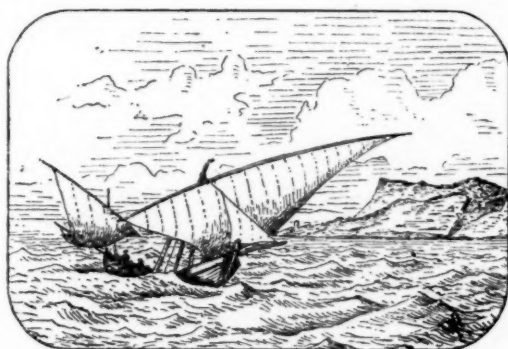
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THE Annual General Meeting was held on the 31st ult., Mr. Herbert Allen (Chairman of the Company) presiding.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said he thought no one would question their satisfactory nature. Thanks to the wide financial connexions of the board, they had enjoyed exceptional opportunities of putting out the Company's money to the best advantage, and the result was seen in the balance-sheet. But for the imperative need of keeping their resources as liquid as possible, in view of the early resumption of operations at Baku, they could have done better still. The balance-sheet showed they had £74,000 in the bank; the item "Sundry Debtors," amounting to £33,000, was readily realisable; their investments, standing at £27,000, had, since the date of the balance-sheet, mostly been realised at a profit, and the few that they still held should give equally good results. He thought he was fairly within the mark in saying that if the necessity arose the Company could put its hands on £150,000 of cash within a fortnight. When the concern fell into the hands of the Russian creditors in May 1908 the liabilities amounted to about £319,000, exclusive of Debentures. The whole of these liabilities at the present time were only about £92,000, and these were more than offset by the assets which the Company would take over. The properties should be recovered from the control of the Russian creditors by the end of the year, and the profits that were now being made were reducing liabilities or meeting capital expenditure. A great deal of boring work had been done by the creditors' administration, from which the Company should derive advantage when it took over the properties. Altogether nearly £200,000 had been spent on wells in the last few years, besides which large sums had been applied to the liquidation of debts. The profits for the first half of the current year had been about £33,000, and for the second half should be even better. The Company would be taking back a very different business to the bankrupt concern which the Russian creditors seized in 1908. One of the principal events of the present year had been the sending out of Mr. A. V. Adiasewich, an expert mining engineer and geologist, to examine and report upon the properties at Baku, in view of their impending transfer to this Company. As a result of Mr. Adiasewich's recommendations the board contemplated a further extensive well-boring and repairing programme which would be gradually carried out during the next two years at a cost of £60,000 to £70,000 and was expected to add 2½ million poods of naphtha to the present annual production. Not improbably this programme might be extended at a further cost of £100,000, a sum which was well within the Company's resources. The Company had over 5000 shareholders, some of the largest of whom had congratulated the board on the marked strides disclosed by the directors' report, which had given almost general satisfaction. He claimed that it had only been by the ceaseless vigilance and application of the directors during the past four years that the Company, both here and in Baku, had been successfully guided through difficulties of which the shareholders could never have the slightest conception, and that it now seemed to have reached the threshold of a fairly prosperous career. The prospects of the business seemed much less uncertain now than they were a year or two ago; and, whether it be 1913 or 1914 that gave them their first dividend, it would not be a bad achievement, in view of the fact that, from no fault of the board, they were only just setting out on the main objects with which the Company was reconstructed. The best part of their capital, apart from that which had been used in the discharge of liabilities, was still intact. Since January last the monthly production had gradually increased from 505,000 poods to 649,000 poods, and the whole year should give them a total of about seven million poods. The actual sales for 1912 should be nearly a million poods better than for 1911. Owing to "forward sales" effected by the creditors' administration a year ago they had not been getting the full advantage of this year's high prices, but these contracts fell out next month, after which they would receive the full market price. It was a very customary practice in Baku to sell forward in this manner. Nobody dared hazard a strong view just now as to the future price of naphtha, but the present statistical position of the commodity presaged high prices. The present quotation of 35½ kopecks per pood, or nearly 47s. per ton, was almost a famine price for Russia, and, until more oil was produced, it was difficult to see what could bring down the price. However, no one could say. Baku's present production was nearly seven million tons of crude oil per annum, and at present prices was worth £16,000,000 sterling. The whole of this production was obtained from an area of less than four square miles, but that area was easily capable of extension, and they must receive with caution loose statements as to the exhaustion of the Baku oilfields. The production of 425,000,000 poods from Baku, 75,000,000 poods from Grosny, and 20,000,000 poods or so from Cheleken, Maikop and other small fields gave Russia the second position amongst the world's oil producers. The Company was substituting oil motors for steam boilers on some of its plots, and on others it was putting in electric motors in place of steam, and thereby expected to effect large savings in the fuel bill, which at present amounted to about £85,000 a year. Mr. Adiasewich had reported that he thought the Company could be made a dividend-paying concern, and the board were going to put his opinions to the test. The prospect for 1913 seemed to be a moderate improvement in production, remunerative prices for naphtha, and a reduction in working expenses. He did not give this as a forecast of his own, but it seemed to be a reasonable deduction from existing conditions.

Mr. W. W. Rutherford, M.P. (Deputy-Chairman), in seconding the motion, said: Someone has said that genius consists in an infinite capacity for taking pains. If so, I think you will all agree with me when I say that in our Chairman we have a genius. He takes the view that at annual meetings like this, when you have a vast body of shareholders, they ought to be fully informed about every detail which the board have got possession of so far as those details can be given without in any way interfering with the best interests of the Company. That view has been thoroughly carried out to-day, and I need not tell you that during the whole of the past year the care, the attention to detail, the trouble that has been taken, the perseverance and the energy of the

Chairman have been most remarkable, and have commanded the admiration of the board, as I am sure they command yours. It is not necessary, therefore, for me to add one word to the splendid, exhaustive, and complete speech which we have had from the Chairman. I have the greatest possible pleasure in seconding the motion for the adoption of the report.

The report and accounts were adopted unanimously.

EAST RAND MINING ESTATES.

PROPERTIES OF GREAT POTENTIALITY.

THE Ordinary General Meeting of the shareholders of the East Rand Mining Estates, Limited, was held on Monday, Mr. C. W. Rowsell (Chairman of the Company) presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. Alfred D. Owen) having read the notices,

The Chairman said: Gentlemen, You will see that the total receipts for the year amounted to £43,731 12s. 11d., and that the total expenses in Johannesburg and London amounted to £16,660 2s., so that we have a small surplus to carry forward to the balance sheet. In the balance sheet there is practically no alteration, but you will see that the profit earned during the year has reduced the amount standing to the debit of the profit and loss account to £3,386 13s. 7d. You will also notice that the total cash position of the company is that we have £59,500 on deposit, loan to Grootvlei Proprietary Mines £11,100, and cash at bankers £564, making a total of £71,164, or, after deducting the amount owing to creditors, £71,077 net. I am glad to say that the far eastern section of the Rand has continued to make steady progress, but before dealing with the position on the various neighbouring properties, to which we must look for indications of the present condition of affairs in our district, I would remind you of what the assets of our company are. Our mineral interests are, of course, of paramount importance, but at the same time one must not overlook the fact that our surface areas represent an asset of very great value, as land in the Transvaal, and especially in the neighbourhood of the large towns, has been steadily increasing in value during the past few years, and our 20,000 acres—entirely exclusive of its mineral value—today worth several times what it was when the company was formed. However, as you are all aware, it is to our mineral values that we must look for big profits in the future. You will recollect that we have proved by a thorough system of boring, which was carried out under the direction of Dr. Hatch, the consulting engineer, the existence of the Main Reef series over the whole of the farm Grootvlei and the greater part of the farm Palmietkuil at depths varying from 2000 to 4000 feet, and you will also recollect that the gold-mining rights of the farm Grootvlei have been transferred to the Grootvlei Proprietary Mines, in which company we hold 25,000 shares out of a total issue of 361,650 shares. The Grootvlei Proprietary Mines possess a mine, and is entitled to discoverers' rights equal to a total of 1135 claims on the best portion of the farm Grootvlei. The farm Palmietkuil has a mine, and is entitled to discoverers' rights equal to a total of 1283 claims, and the owners of this farm will be entitled to peg out a further 150 claims as discoverers' rights. In this farm we are the owners of a five-eighths interest. I mention these facts because with the continued improvement in the conditions of the Far Eastern Rand every day brings us nearer to the time when the public will again fully recognise the great potentialities of the properties which we hold.

If you will look at the map you will see that the following properties may all be described as our neighbours, viz.: The New Kleinfontein, the New Modderfontein, the Modderfontein B, Van Ryn Deep, Brakpan, the Government Gold Mining Areas, and the Geduld Proprietary. On all of these properties, excellent—and in some cases brilliant—results are being obtained. Perhaps I cannot do better than give you a general idea of the results obtained on these properties, based on the last reports of the companies concerned. First, dealing with the ore reserves, we find that the New Kleinfontein, the New Modderfontein, the Modder B, the Van Ryn Deep, and the Brakpan companies have ore reserves ranging from 750,000 tons in the case of the Van Ryn Deep up to over 3½ million tons in the case of the New Modderfontein, the assay values of these reserves ranging from 26s. 11d. over 58 inches to about 32s. over widths of 44 to 51 inches, whilst in the case of our immediate neighbour, the Geduld, they have, according to their last report, 607,300 tons of reserves, of a value of 34s. 9d. over 44.2 inches, and a further 190,500 tons, of a value of 38s. 6d. over 42.5 inches. This is the most satisfactory evidence that we could wish for as to the great potentialities of this field, and so far as the actual milling results are concerned I see from the latest reports of the companies referred to that profits of from 6s. to 21s. per ton are being earned by them. You will see, therefore, that in every case the companies referred to have substantial ore reserves, and that they are all milling at a very satisfactory profit. I may also, taking one of these properties—the Brakpan—show you how, as development has progressed, a continuous increase has taken place in the value of the ore developed. During the year 1909 the reef samplings of this company showed an assay value of 35s. 6d. over 37 inches; in 1910, 33s. 2d. over 32.9 inches; in 1911, 42s. 8d. over 32.9 inches; March quarter, 1912, 37s. over 42.7 inches; June quarter, 1912, 37s. over 41.9 inches; September quarter, 1912, 46s. 9d. over 36.0 inches. Our immediate neighbour, the Geduld, has also shown considerable improvement as development proceeds. The figures which I have already given with reference to the Geduld were those which were issued with the annual report of the company for 1911. During the first four months of this year 4670 feet of development work have been accomplished, and the values disclosed continue to be highly satisfactory, particularly in the new area situated east of the No. 2 shaft in the direction of Grootvlei; 1582 feet have been driven on the strike of the reef in this direction at a depth of over 3000 feet, 1440 feet of which have been sampled and average 44s. over an assumed milling width of 40 inches; 618 feet have also been risen and sunk from this level, of which 525 feet have been sampled, disclosing an average value of 45s. 9d. over the same width, and the present indications are that good results will continue to be obtained. The large amount of money that has been expended in additional shaft-sinking in this neighbourhood during the past year or so also shows very conclusively the confidence felt by the large mining houses as to the future of this district. The Government Gold Mining Areas, the company formed to acquire the freehold portion of Modderfontein recently thrown open for tender by the Government, has been sinking two large shafts on their property, one of which has just reached the reef. On the New Modderfontein property a new circular shaft put down has just struck the reef at 2,158 feet. At the northern end of the shaft 42 inches of solid reef were exposed, the average value of three check samples taken being 26.9 dwts. over 42 inches. The Government is apparently also fully aware of the growing importance of this district, as, according to a recent cable published in the Press a few days ago, the remaining portions of the farms Brakpan and Schapensrust (which adjoin Geduld) are now to be offered for tender on terms similar to those under which the Gold Mining Areas are being worked. I need hardly say that the excellent results obtained by our neighbours augur well for the future development of the whole district and explain the newly awakened interest of the public in the far eastern section of the Rand, and in this connection I might perhaps refer you to a speech made by Mr. Inroth at the meeting of the Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Company on October 25 last.

In conclusion, I would ask you to carefully bear in mind these facts which I have laid before you, and I wish to emphasise the point that every mine to which I have referred—and this includes all working mines in our neighbourhood—are not only developing successfully, but are showing improved results as their development proceeds. This is particularly so in the case of our nearest neighbour, the Geduld, where in

the early stages of development some disappointment was experienced owing to the fact that poor sections of reef were disclosed, but as Mr. Inroth put it in his remarks, while the reefs are not so regular in value or in thicknesses as on the Central Rand, and there are certain unpayable patches, on the other hand there are large areas containing exceptionally rich reef, which compensate for the occurrence of some unpayable stretches. This review of the present conditions on the far eastern Rand leads me to the conclusion that as soon as markets once more enter into normal conditions and we have activity in mining markets, which the excellent results that have been secured in all directions on the Rand undoubtedly justify, the directors of the Grootevlei Proprietary Mines should have no great difficulty in obtaining the necessary financial support to enable them to exploit the great wealth which undoubtedly lies in their property awaiting development. I now beg to move the adoption of the report and accounts.

Mr. C. Guy Pym seconded the resolution, and it was carried unanimously.

TULSA OIL.

THE adjourned Statutory Meeting of the Tulsa Oil Company, Limited, was held on Tuesday, Mr. Clive H. Meares, Chairman of the Company, presiding, to consider the following resolution:—"That the substitution of approved leasehold oil rights in the stead of certain of the oil rights agreed to be sold by H. B. Hitchcock under the agreement dated 26 June, 1912, between him and the Pioneer Rubber and Oil Syndicate, Limited (the benefit whereof had been assigned to this Company), and specified in the schedule to such agreement, the titles to or oil prospects of which were unsatisfactory, be and the same is hereby approved and authorised to be carried into effect."

The Secretary (Mr. F. W. Hynnybun) having read the notice calling the meeting,

The Chairman said: Many of you are aware that I have recently returned from Oklahoma, after making a thorough inspection of our property. The great feature of Oklahoma is the very low cost of development and the very high returns secured. Capitalists would do well to bear these points in mind. But great care is needed. Our own freehold property is very highly regarded in the best local circles. It cannot fail to earn steady dividends from the start. The property is just as represented to us. The average output for the four months before we acquired the property, 1 March to 30 June, was 6978 barrels a month. Our output since we acquired the property have been: July 5878 barrels, August 6760, September 8600—an average of 7079; and this satisfactory result has been achieved practically without help from our two best wells, Nos. 2 and 9, both of which were being cleaned out during this period. We have just received a cable giving the October output as 8676 barrels, i.e. 1196 tons. In September our wells averaged 32 barrels per well per day (seven and a quarter barrels equal one ton). During November our output should show considerable expansion. When this Company was floated, the small amount of the net working capital available was criticised—viz. about £6000, after paying preliminary expenses, etc. We now find we do not require any of it—our property is entirely self-supporting. Since 3 July we have carried out the following programme:—We have sunk and equipped three new wells, Nos. 10, 11, and 12, each 1675 feet in depth, and each struck oil, estimated at 20, 50 and 100 barrels per well per day respectively. We are also drilling two more now, and have also spent considerable sums on new tanks, cleaning tools and general equipment, and up to now we have not remitted or used a penny-piece of our working capital. There is a false impression in London that Oklahoma wells go down in production far more rapidly than is really the case. This is not so on the deep field, where the settled production keeps remarkably steady and only goes down very slowly. Our sands are 25 to 36 feet in thickness. Our wells cost about £400 to drill to 1675 feet, or, with all equipment, pumps, etc., £700 each. I estimate our total operating expenses on revenue account, including salaries, repairs, local management, directors' fees, and administration, at £4500 a year. To this must be added the proportion of capital expenditure written off revenue. The best local opinion gives our property a life of at least 25 years. When our whole 160 acres are drilled up, three or four men, at a cost of about £70-£80 a month, will be able to run everything. All the power for running the engines and pumps is provided by an abundant supply of natural gas found in our wells, and costs us nothing. It appears highly probable that every well drilled on our freehold plot will strike oil. On the southern part of our property we expect to find three sands—the Red Fork at 1300 feet, the Glenn at 1500 feet, and the Taneka at 1675 feet—and we are hoping they will all yield oil. We are drilling one well on our leaseholds and intend to drill another shortly, to prove if they contain oil. Our future programme is to drill up our whole 160 acres of freehold with 36 wells as quickly as possible. We hope to drill two wells a month to about 1675 feet depth. Our receipts from 22 June to 31 October amounted, roughly, to about £4787, but we expect to go far ahead of that in the succeeding quarters. The present price of our oil is 70 cents a barrel on the property. There are four pipelines on the ground, and they buy our oil for cash. As our production increases we shall save a large amount of the increase as net profit, as our fixed charges will not increase. I warn you to be careful in putting your money into properties on the shallow field, but properties purchased on the deep field at the right prices can scarcely fail to make good, but price is the essential factor. I doubt whether any other oilfield requires less working capital—where working costs are lower or where more solid money can be made. I am glad to state publicly and without any qualification whatever that in Tulsa shares you have got one of the safest, best, and most amply secured investments in the Oil Market, and one that has justified its existence from the start. On that I stake my word. From the start prosperity and luck smiled on us. Our financial position is as sound as a bell. By careful and prudent finance, helped by a rapidly expanding output, we intend in our early days to build up an exceedingly strong financial position as well as to give you adequate dividends. There is no finer field for oil investment than Oklahoma, if care and discrimination are used. It can compete successfully with any oilfield in the world.

Mr. R. J. Hoffmann seconded the resolution, and it was unanimously agreed to.

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